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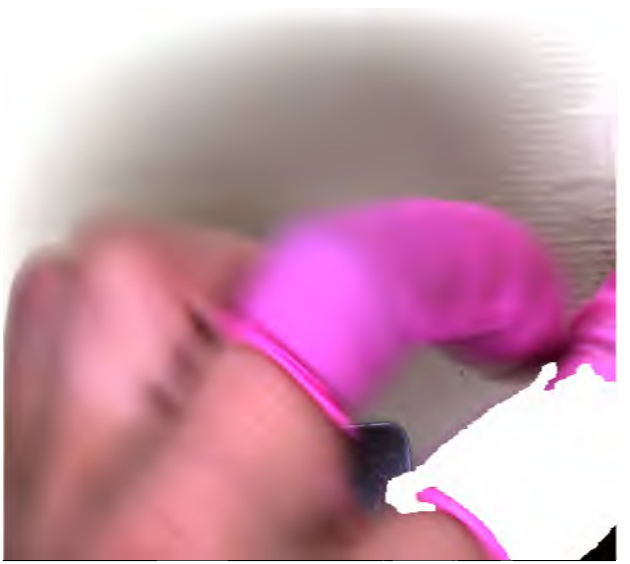
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A HOLIDAY IN SCANDINAVIA.

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IN SCANDINAVIA.



GLASGOW:
THOMAS MURRAY AND SON.

MDCCCLXXI.

203. g 154

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE substance of the following pages was addressed by the writer to a rural audience, in an easy and familiar style, to while away a winter evening in a manner, it was hoped, not altogether unprofitable to them. In accommodation to the circumstances in which it was delivered, it was purposely simple—almost trivial and gossiping—as it was believed that, in this way, those present would obtain a clearer idea of the nature of Scandinavia and its people, than by an elaborate and artistic lecture. And as many who wish to visit that beautiful region are at a loss to know how to proceed, it has been thought that it might be useful to such persons to publish this sketch, of one of the best (if not the very best), routes which can be selected for a holiday excursion. Though neither a hand-book nor formal guide-book, it attempts to point out the arrangements which should be made, and the course which may be adopted with advantage, so as to prevent the

mind from being distracted unnecessarily by the rival claims of different parts of the country. Hurriedly composed at such fragments of time as could be snatched from numerous and varied engagements, it makes no pretension to literary merit—nor, indeed, to merit of any kind—except to tell in a homely way, like a fire-side story, what happened to the party whose tour it describes, and would probably occur to others similarly situated. It contains nothing striking or sensational, and it is trusted that the indulgent reader will receive it in the spirit in which it is presented to him. If it be uninteresting, it is brief; and should it be the means of affording to others the information which the author had difficulty in procuring, he has attained his object, and is amply rewarded.

CLUTHA FIORD,
March 1st, 1871.

NORWAY.

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DEAR FRIENDS,

Having been wont for several years to give you some brief account of excursions made by me in various countries of Western Europe, I have much pleasure in now attempting a short, simple, and familiar sketch of my late tour through part of Scandinavia, that most beautiful and interesting land with which we are historically so intimately connected, while the language, manners, and habits of its industrious people, whose blood may be almost said to flow in our veins, in many respects so closely resemble those of our own country a century ago; and I hope in this way to impart a portion, however limited, of the enjoyment and benefit which I derived from visiting that too little known region.

I had the privilege of joining a much-valued old friend, the Rev. Dr. W., his daughter and niece—the two first of whom had explored considerable districts of Norway and Sweden several

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I had the privilege of joining a much-valued old friend, the Rev. Dr. W., his daughter and niece—the two first of whom had explored considerable districts of Norway and Sweden several

years ago, and were, therefore, instructive and useful guides, as well as delightful companions in travel. Our party, thus consisting of four, left Leith on Tuesday, the 21st of last June, at seven o'clock P.M., in the good ship "Sweden"—belonging to "Allan Brothers"—which was a steady steamer, well found in everything, and excellently managed by a skilful, attentive, and obliging master, Captain M'Kenzie. Our fellow-passengers were—one of the proprietors of the vessel, his wife and son; an American gentleman, accompanied by three ladies; and a Norwegian merchant, from Christiania, who handed me an introduction from a mutual friend almost as soon as I got on board, and from whom we received much kindness and attention. There were thus twelve passengers in all, first class, among whom there was much pleasant intercourse; and the captain declared we were the finest lot he ever had in his life; a statement which we were not disposed to controvert, and which made us quite pleased both with him and ourselves.

Two of my friends were very bad sailors, and had pre-determined to be sick as dogs, but the weather being beautiful and the wind fair, they were disappointed in attaining their undesirable object, and, notwithstanding the power of *imagi-*

nation, they could only manage to fancy themselves rather out of sorts amid the cross currents in the Scaggerrack off Christiansand. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the heavens being almost cloudless, we had lovely sunsets, as the orb of day seemed to sink into the North Sea; and as we steamed up the Christiania Fiord on Thursday, its descent behind the low wooded hills was, if possible, still more charming, the effect of varied lights on sky, forest, and water being altogether most beautiful, and rendered picturesque by the lighting up at twilight of a great number of bonfires, in celebration of St. Han's (St. John's) or midsummer eve. This relic of the worship of Baal, of which we have still some remains in Scotland, is followed by a sort of saturnalia among the peasants, which lasts the whole night in the open air,—music, dancing, and, I fear, drinking, being the *mot d'ordre*.

We reached the harbour of Christiania about two o'clock A.M. on Friday, after a fine passage of about fifty-seven hours; and a few hours afterwards Dr. W. went ashore and engaged apartments at the *Victoria Hotel*, which is reckoned the best in the city, although it has a successful rival in the *Scandinavie*, and on his return we all landed, passed easily through the Custom-

house, and were glad to find ourselves in a comfortable house, where our American friends also secured rooms, in which Mr. A.'s family failed, as the place was crowded with people who had come to the annual wood fair, which was to be held next week. To this the Norwegians of both sexes and different ages assemble from all quarters,—some for business and others for pleasure, —as it is the great gala season in the country. There is much gaiety and enjoyment, and it is said that various little arrangements are made of a much more interesting and permanent nature than timber transactions.

CHRISTIANIA.

We remained until Monday at Christiania, which, you are aware, is the capital of Norway, a city of 63,500 inhabitants, and was founded by King Christian IV. in 1624, near the site of the ancient Osloe, which was begun in 1058 by King Harald Haardraade, and, with the exception of the Episcopal Palace and a few other houses, was destroyed by fire in the year in which the building of the modern capital was commenced. It cannot be called a fine city, although it is upon the whole clean and well kept; while the streets, which usually cross each other at right angles, are gene-

rally pretty wide. Neither can it boast of many splendid buildings, numerous *chef d'œvres* of art, or much in any way to engross the tourist's mind and time. The objects most worthy of a visit are the Cathedral,—the house where the Storthing or Parliament meets,—the University, with its museums,—the Public Library, containing 130,000 vols.,—the Botanical Gardens,—Agerhus Castle, —the Royal Palace,—and Oscar's Hal, the sovereign's residence in the country. These last contain some of Tideman's pictures. The Palace is a large though not particularly handsome pile, which, situated on an elevation behind the town, commands a beautiful and extensive view. The site of Oscar's Hal, on the Fiord, is charming. Indeed, the whole environs of Christiania are very fine, although the hills attain no great height. Numerous pleasant excursions may be made in the neighbourhood. It is well to ascend Egsberg, an eminence about 400 feet high near the old town; and still more desirable to walk, or, should it be preferred, drive to the top of Frognaer-Saeter, which attains an elevation of 1500 feet, and on which is erected a wooden stage, rising above the forest, from which there is a most magnificent and varied view, comprising lakes, fiords, forests, and mountains, and extending

westwards to the snowy ranges of Valders and Telemarken, and eastwards to the frontiers of Sweden. On our visit to this latter place we left our carriages at a station about a mile from the summit, and on our return, in addition to many other holiday-makers, we found several respectable and intelligent teachers, male and female, with their pupils, chaunting music, who very kindly sang for us some of the national songs. These were spirited and energetic, rather than sweet and pleasing in their character, and one could easily understand how they would animate the brave inhabitants of "Gamle Norge" (old Norway) to deeds of daring by sea and land.

We employed Friday and Saturday partly in exploring the city and suburbs,—the trade of which is chiefly in timber, tar, and stockfish,—and partly in completing our little arrangements for traversing the country. For this purpose we went to Mr. Bennett, English agent, whose office is at No. 17 Store Strand Gade, who can furnish tourists with anything they require, draw out a sketch of their route, and give them all necessary directions for the journey, and whose Handbook for Norway, if not indispensable, is certainly very useful, as it contains a great deal of accurate and important information, much of which, I believe,

is extracted from the Lomme-Reise-Route, or official pocket roadbook. We always found him occupied, I might almost say worried, by travellers, yet invariably patient and obliging. As every one had his own limits of time and expense, and his own ideas of what he was to see and where he was to go, which were sometimes sufficiently absurd and impracticable, it was by no means easy to satisfy all, and of course there were some grumblers, as one expects to meet occasionally with that amusing variety of character; but I can truly say, so far as we were concerned, he entered anxiously and zealously into all our plans, and drew out for us an admirable route, with all its details specified, and we had every reason to be completely satisfied with all his arrangements; nor can visitors of that interesting country do better than go to Christiania and get his valuable assistance.

It is not unusual for those who purpose to explore Norway to make great preparations, and lay in stores as if they meant to search for the north-west passage. But this is now quite unnecessary, as on the more frequented roads there is generally enough of everything that a rational being considers necessary, and should any small supplies be wanted, they can be procured easily and

moderately at Christiania. Luxuries, except in the larger towns, are not to be looked for, and whoever wishes these, or is weak, or has delicate digestion, had better stay at home. Indeed, any one who is not ready to rough it when necessary will be best with his mamma, when nurse will give him *spoon-meat*. But, though this be advisable for grown-up babies, there is no difficulty or discomfort which a *man*, or even a plucky lady, will care much about, while any little fatigue or annoyance will be amply repaid by healthful, pleasing, and elevating enjoyment; and perhaps few regions are better suited for repairing the wasted energies of those who are exhausted by the work of the head, or depressed by the sorrows of the heart.

For gentlemen, in addition to merino underclothing, tweeds, light in fabric and colour, are the most suitable apparel, with a change of dress, in case it should be necessary. Ladies should have something plain and durable, but not too warm for ordinary wear. Both should have plenty of wrappers, as they may be occasionally required, a felt hat, strong boots—and, above all, Macintosh-cloth coverings from top to toe—hood, cloak, and leggings for gentlemen, so as seldom to need an umbrella, which, when driving in a carriole or

other open carriage, is exceedingly inconvenient. The less baggage the better; and it should consist of a wooden box—not a portmanteau—28 inches long, 15 wide, and 12 deep, with the lid overlapping, painted to keep out the rain, and with metal eyes, both on the front and back, screwed on, so that it can be fixed to the carriole by strong leather straps. A small hand-bag can also be taken to hold money, and such other things as are likely to be frequently needed. A good supply of *filthy lucre* is, of course, indispensable. It should be taken in two small linen bags—one for paper and the other for coin, especially small pieces of the latter in abundance, as *change* is often scarce in country districts; and if it be heavy at the outset, there is the comfortable reflection that it will soon get lighter. A first-rate opera glass is of great service. All else may be deemed superfluous, in reference to externals.

As to the other matters: a few pots of Liebig's extract of beef, with Worcester sauce to flavour it; a tin of biscuit, a canister of tea, which one should infuse at the Station kitchen fires; a flask of Cognac, with a reserve store; a little simple medicine, a case of shaving materials, soap, of course; and a small bottle of glycerine for sunburning, is all that is indispensable; and, except

the tourist is going to remote or unfrequented districts, or intending to stay some time in the country, a large quantity of provisions, apart altogether from the import tax, is more troublesome than beneficial. White bread generally, and eggs, trout or salmon, and beef steaks, can almost always be found, with game occasionally; while excellent coffee and beer never fail, and seldom butter and cheese; which should be enough for any one who eats to live, and does not live to eat.

Except two short railways, and steamers round the coast, and on some of the lakes and fiords, there are no regular public conveyances in Norway, so that it is often necessary to hire open boats on the water, and buy or hire carriages on the land, unless, with knapsack on back, the tourist makes a pedestrian excursion. Should he wish to go economically to work, the best plan is to take his chance of anything that may cast up by the way. Boats are never wanting, with skilful boatmen; and carrioles, or a stol-karre. The carriole is a very light carriage to hold one person, with no springs, or very indifferent ones, and a board behind to hold the baggage, on which the *skydsgut* or post-boy sits. The *stol-karre* is a small cart, with chair placed on two bent pieces of elastic wood to make the seat easier; but it is rather

fatiguing for long distances, as indeed the carriole is, as the limbs get cramped from being kept in the same position; and both are quite unsuitable to travellers whose dimensions are equal to "two single gentlemen rolled into one." When ladies are of the party, it is desirable to hire a double-seated, light, but strong open carriage, and perhaps also a carriole, at least where there are four persons, as the number who can be taken in one conveyance is regulated by law. Good fresh harness, a waterproof cover, drag, winch, etc., are likewise indispensable; and it is very conducive to comfort to engage a courier to look after horses and boats at the stations, to get your carriages, etc., put off and on steamers, when you have occasion to go by them, and to drive when required. It saves a world of trouble, annoyance, and delay, and does not add greatly to the expense. Such, accordingly, was the plan we adopted. Mr. Bennett supplied us with all we wanted in a very satisfactory manner; and procured for us a guide—John Lökke, a capital fellow, steady, honest, obliging, and correct; apparently indifferent to everything, but never neglecting anything; always up to the mark, except on one occasion, when very much worn out, he slept too long, which he accounted for by alleging that there was no clock in the

house to keep him awake; although he led us to believe that sleep, food, and fatigue, were not in his summer vocabulary; greatly pleased to be of service to any person, especially if English; much gratified if by clever management he could promote our interest; and, as all went well with us, assuring us he was Lökke by name, and lucky by nature. The charge for carriage and harness was one dollar (4s 6d), and, for the carriole, half-a-dollar a day for a month; after that it was to be almost nominal, should we require it. John received one dollar a day, and rations, in regard to which he was very moderate, and always pleased.

The above does not, of course, include horses, for which, as well as for boats, rates have been fixed by the Government. They have constructed, partly with public, and partly from local funds, excellent roads all over the chief districts of the country, which are kept in repair by the peasant proprietors, each being responsible for his allotted portion. Along these roads there are at irregular, but generally not great distances, varying from half a Norwegian mile to two miles (a Norwegian mile is seven miles English), *stations* appointed by the State, which are generally kept by farmers, to whom a small sum is paid annually, for which they are obliged to keep a certain number of post

horses, for which a charge is fixed to the next station. Some of these stations are called *fast*, and there horses up to the prescribed number must be always in readiness; and *ordinary*, where they must be forthcoming within a limited time; and if not, the postmaster or *skyds-skaffer* is liable to a fine. Every traveller, therefore, must before starting from the station where he changes his beasts, write down in a road-book the date, his name, his destination, and the number of horses engaged. There are similar regulations in reference to hired boats on the lakes and fiords; and, in both cases, at the stations food and lodging are provided under strict rules, which may be found in Bennett's handbook, and the Lomme-Reise-Route, so that with due care, imposition can be prevented.

FROM CHRISTIANIA TO TELEMARKEN.

Having had the benefit of the excellent services of the Consular chaplain, the Rev. —— Crowther, on Sabbath, we left Christiania on the morning of Monday, June 27, (shortly after the departure of our American friends by a somewhat different route,) for Konsberg. We had a beautiful drive through a much wooded country, studded near the capital with neat villas, and the scene was con-

stantly enlivened by peeps of the Christiania Fiord. After several changes of horses, we reached Drammen, a fine and picturesque little town, of about 1300 inhabitants, situated on the river and near the fiord of the same name, which has the advantage of looking quite new, as it is burned down every few years. It is entirely built of wood, as is almost every place in Norway, except two or three of the principal cities, and carries on a considerable trade in timber. Here we had an early dinner; and went thence by Haugsund to Kongsberg, passing Fiskerne Vand, a large fresh water lake on the left, lying between the last two towns, and reached our destination for the night in about eleven hours from the time of starting. Kongsberg has about 5000 inhabitants; and, like all country towns in Scandinavia, is very irregular and straggling. It is on the banks of the Lauven, a large and fine river, on which there are two low falls immediately below the town; and another, the Larbrö fos, half a Norwegian mile above it, which is worthy of a visit. Here are the celebrated silver mines, the entrance to which, excavated out of the hill, is nearly two English miles long, at the end of which you descend 1000 feet by ladders to the veins of silver, which are considered rich. There is a native mass of it in

the Natural History Museum at Copenhagen 6 feet long, 2 feet broad, and 8 inches thick. The mint and manufactory of arms are also at this ancient place.

Leaving Kongsberg early on the 28th, we proceeded through an interesting country by the Tindfös, a magnificent, though not high, fall of the river Tind, in which a large volume of water is poured over a ledge of rock, and rushes on through a narrow gorge, to Lysthuus, where we had *dejeuner a la fourchette.* Near this we were shown the ancient church of Hitterdal, a very peculiar wooden fabric in the Byzantine gothic style, 700 years old, though still used for parochial worship, by the priest, a respectable looking venerable gentleman, who, like most of his order in Norway, in addition to Latin and Greek, was acquainted with French and German, in which he could partially express himself. We afterwards visited his official residence, which resembled a Scotch manse, and had some conversation with his agreeable and intelligent daughters, who spoke English very well, and who sold us photographs in order to maintain a Female Industrial School, in which they took a benevolent interest. Some distance farther on, as the road passed over an eminence, we had a magnificent view of the

Gousta Feld, and other lofty snow-capped mountains; and from this point the way was through a dense pine forest till we reached Tinoset, at the lower end of the Tindsö, where we spent the night, although the place was not particularly inviting. At one of the stations which we passed, as it was pouring down torrents of rain, which rendered our Macintosh cloaks useful, we went into the house, which was, of course, built of timber. It consisted of one moderate sized apartment, and a small one off it, which probably was the bedroom. In the larger one there was a fire of wood in the corner on a large stone, on which there were stone slabs erected to protect the walls; two forms, two chairs, hewn out of solid blocks of wood about a century old; a folding-table hinged on to the side wall, a small pot or two, a similar number of knives, and cups and saucers; and, of course, a tea-pot. This appeared to be the whole furniture; yet, the people, though evidently poor, were pleasant and polite, with obviously a feeling of self-respect.

On the evening of our arrival at Tinoset, the weather was not particularly propitious, as there were clouds on the mountains, which sometimes came down to give us a fraternal welcome in the refreshing form of Scotch mist. However, we had

a pleasant row on the placid lake, and next morning the scene was surpassingly lovely and grand. The sun shone forth in a brilliant blue sky; the lake was like a sea of transparent glass; from which wooded mountains rose up from its margin abruptly to a great height, sometimes with lofty grey granite rocks shooting up amid the dark pines; while frequent fosses poured down their white foaming waters from the melting snows above, soothing the soul with their sweet music; and occasionally there were little nooks of cultivated ground in retiring bends of the hills, or green patches on their sides. One felt as if it would be delightful to dwell for ever in that abode of peaceful beauty, so resplendent with divine beneficence; but alas! there, too, may be found sin and suffering.

Early on the morning of the 29th, the small steamer which plies on the lake, and takes tourists to the head of it on their way to the

RIUKAN FOS,

came in; but this was not one of its ordinary passage days. The skipper, however, told us that we might hire it, and that he would take us, bag and baggage, up for seven dollars, and bring us back for the same sum, stipulating, however, that

he must wait three hours to cool his engine. Having arranged with him, our carriages were put on board, with a basket of provisions. At noon we embarked, with five natives, whom we franked, and arrived in three hours, after a charming sail of twenty-five miles, at *Ornaes*. Here John Lökke went in quest of horses, and as it was not a Fast Station, after a delay of three hours, two were brought in from the mountains. With these we started in the double-seated conveyance, leaving John to follow us in the carriole as soon as steed No. 3 appeared, which was not till eleven o'clock, when it was useless, so that the poor man to whom it belonged lost his fare, and was besides fined, which we felt to be hard, as he had brought it fourteen English miles over the wild hills; we learned, however, that the peasants here were inactive, and our severity might be useful to those who came after us.

Our road lay along the narrow valley of the river Maan, by Goustafeld, on both sides of which rose steep pine-clad hills, enlivened with numerous beautiful gushing fosses. At *Dal*, distant from Ornaes one mile, there is a station, but as we might be again delayed we rested our horses, and drove on another mile (14 English miles in all), during the last half of which the road was on the

side of the hill, below which, 1000 feet, the river rolled and dashed along in its rocky bed almost right beneath us, and revealing its presence in glimpses through the trees, as well as by its ceaseless roar. At last the road ceased, and we had to climb for forty minutes along a bridle path in the direction of what looked like a great quantity of *reek*, which was the vapour of the fall: hence the name. And suddenly the noble Fos burst upon our view. It is formed by this large river, which flows from the Mos Vand, pouring for 900 feet down the irregular face of a rocky gully, and then rushing, after tossing in a large basin, away between precipitous banks. It is broken into white foam, and the clouds of vapour, rolling up and whirled about by the currents of air, like wreathed smoke, are extremely beautiful. The spectator feels at first rather disappointed, as it is impossible to reach the river, and although the Tourist Club has attempted to remedy this by forming a path to a lower point of the opposite precipice, their endeavours have not been very successful. The large volume of water, however,—the roar of the cataract,—and the grand wildness of the scene,—gradually solemnize the mind, so that one would wish to linger and gaze, and the *tout ensemble*

leaves a deep and permanent impression on the soul of strange and tremendous power.

On our return to Ornaes, by the help of our good little ponies, shortly after midnight, in good light—for it is never dark in these regions at midsummer—we found that provident John Lökke had ordered something to eat, and at one o'clock A.M. we sat down to an excellent and substantial repast, consisting of numerous dishes and various courses; and the attendant being asked whether it was breakfast, dinner, or supper—as we were at a loss what to reckon it—promptly declared that it was dinner. The steam being got up, we left at two A.M. by the dampskib, "Riukan," on our return to Tinoset, which we reached, after another lovely sail, at half-past four A.M.; and, having washed and breakfasted, we set off to Haugsund (leaving, by mistake, our tin of biscuit for the next comer), which we reached in the evening, having had *déjeuner* at Lysthuus and dinner at Kongsberg, as an essential and agreeable part of the proceedings. During the last stage I was driving the carriole, with a beautiful small horse, whose owner was on the board behind, but which I was quite unable to restrain. He was perfectly gentle and free from vice, but ran like a fury, without getting the least heated; and when free from the

yoke at Haugsund, he trotted briskly off, and began to eat grass. On praising him to the owner, he seemed as much pleased as though it had been his child, and told me he had been out six Norwegian miles that day before; so that, as it is one and a-half miles from Kongsberg to Haugsund, ere he got home he would have posted sixty-four English miles. We had often occasion to admire the strength, endurance, docility, and steadiness of the horses of this country, which are generally about 13 or 14 hands high, some of them even smaller, the best colour of which is dun, with black mane and tail. When not overworked, they go beautifully, and especially down hill, where they only need attentive guiding, and a moderate support with the rein. They are so sure-footed that they seldom stumble, and are scarcely ever vicious. They allow very young boys to manage them—merry, plucky, little fellows—who usually act as post-boys, and with whom they seem to be on the most friendly and familiar terms. The same may be said of the dairymaids and their cows and goats. Indeed, all the living creatures at a homestead seem to constitute one happy family. Whether this arises from kind early rearing of cattle, or from some peculiarity of climate, it would be difficult to

determine; probably it is partly owing to both causes, but certain it is that all animated existence of a domestic nature live in an atmosphere of quiet kindliness, in striking contrast to the physical world around, which is often wild, stern, and rugged in the extreme; and the storms of winter must be trying and severe, as snow frequently lies for months six feet deep.

FROM HAUGSUND TO SKOIEN.

There is no good inn at Haugsund, so we put up at Jomfru Larsen's house, where we found everything comfortable, and charges moderate. On the morning of the 1st July, we left this town by railway, which runs near the river Dram, and reached, after passing Tyri Fiord on the right, the foot of Rands-Fiord about mid-day, where we dined at the station, and went thence by steamer seven miles up this large inland lake, whose banks, rising to a considerable elevation, are partly covered with forest, interspersed with rock, hamlets, farm-houses, and churches; the last, however, being few and far between. There is also a good deal of cultivated land. A great quantity of wood is floated down this water, and on the lakes and rivers generally all over the country, frequently in single logs, and these are all marked

by the owners distinctively, so that when they reach any particular place, they can be easily claimed. Occasionally there are rafts chained together. On this fiord we saw an immense one which was said to contain 36,000 pieces of timber. During this day's voyage, we were visited by a great thunderstorm, with extremely heavy rain. There were many peasants on board, who drank pretty copiously at beer, until some of them were rather merry; but this was the only occasion on which we saw anything like indulging to excess during our month's sojourn in the country. Having reached *Odnaes*, we landed, and walked on a short distance to Skoien, which is one of the best stations in Norway.

TO FAGERNAES.

Next morning we departed early, as usual, by a road which shows in some parts most admirable engineering, and from which, at different places, as beyond Tomlevolden and Gravdalen, there are most beautiful views, which increase in loveliness as you approach Fagernaes. We were scarcely in a condition to admire them towards the end of our journey, however, as for the last hour it rained heavily, and we were very glad to get under the hospitable roof of the inn, although the post-

boys were playing keenly and merrily at croquet in the court, quite regardless of the elements, at which no Norwegian is ever the least disconcerted. The ladies having been well provided for in a clean apartment, we two inferior animals of the other sex were taken to our quarters through a passage room, in which two Englishmen were dressing, with whom we repeatedly afterwards had agreeable intercourse. These gentlemen were constructed very much on the principle of the pines—great length, with little breadth and thickness, ill-built, as a Norwegian remarked, for knickerbockers. They were great sportsmen, and had brought a large supply of fishing tackle, rifles, and ammunition, which turned out to be rather superfluous, unless they were more fortunate when they reached their friend, whom they were to visit in the north. Ere we parted with them afterwards at Molde, they had killed some trout. They had seen scarcely any winged thing except grey ravens, magpies, and sparrows; and had only heard that there were bears and reindeer in the mountains, which was all the more disappointing as they had promised numerous fur skins, as the result of their prowess, on their return home. They had never, I suppose, read Meg Dod's recipe for making hare soup—"First catch your hare."

Fagernaes station is most beautifully situated on a small lake; near it there is a fine waterfall; and, a little farther on, a magnificent view of the snow-clad mountains of the Fille-Feld; and it was a quiet, pleasant resting-place for Sabbath, where we could calmly meditate on the power, wisdom, and goodness of our heavenly Father, all whose works are great and marvellous, and clothed with his tender mercy; but, as there was no church at hand, we had to worship by ourselves; nor had we an opportunity of being joined by others. Indeed, the place was not altogether without bustle, as there were occasionally arrivals and departures during the day, the result of which was that we got better rooms, and had reason to be thankful for our accommodation.

FROM FAGERNAES TO NYSTUEN.

On Monday, July 4, we left Fagernaes *betimes*, a practice which all tourists would do well to observe, particularly in Norway. The air is balmier, the scenery looks gayer, the weather is usually clearer and finer, the horses are fresher; there is time to spare in case of unexpected delay; and, best of all, there is a feeling of self-conquest and satisfaction. Our road to-day was frequently along the margin of beautiful lakes, always fringed

with wood, with occasionally picturesque crags, and lofty mountains in the distance generally capped with snow. At one place, the road is literally cut out of the solid rocky precipice that overhangs the Lille Mjosen, and a false move would send you into the abyss; while on the other side there are bare, bleak, barren, lofty hills. From Skogstad the way is so steep that it is necessary to walk a great part of it. The elevation is so considerable that the only trees are stunted birch and willow; and, at Nystuen, the station, which is close to a lake famed for its trout, is about 3200 feet above the level of the sea. Here we had some difficulty in finding accommodation, and there was no great variety of food. The house was crowded. However, it is kept by a very respectable and obliging family, who did for us what they could, and succeeded in making us tolerably comfortable. It would, at least, have been very improper not to have been satisfied and grateful for the efforts of our kind host, who is proprietor of a large farm, and used formerly to keep tame reindeer, but so many of them were devoured in winter by the bears that he was obliged to give them up. In the house we saw several skins of these two species of animals, as well as of varieties of the fox. Next morning,

one of his sons, Knut, went with us to the first station, who, as he spoke tolerably good English, gave us much information; and, in answer to the question why we did not see more game, replied that "the reindeer, and other birds, were all in the mountains herding their little chickens." He took us to his father's Saeter—a small house on the hills corresponding to the Swiss and Pyrenean chalet, to which the cattle are driven in summer, attended by a shepherd and dairymaid, and where they are guarded, sometimes, I believe, by lighted fires, from the wild and destructive animals around. We regretted that time did not permit us to ascend the hill behind the station, from which can be seen the Jotun mountains and the distant glaciers, while the lofty Sjula Hill in the neighbourhood commands one of the most extensive views in Norway.

FROM NYSTUEN TO LOERDALSOREN.

The road to-day was through an exceedingly wild, deep, gloomy glen, with repeated offshoots, in each of which there was a rushing torrent, and we went down in the course of the drive upwards of 3000 feet to the level of the sea. At one point the descent was so fearfully steep that we had to walk, immediately after passing Borgund Church.

This is believed to be the oldest building in Norway, and it is said to have been erected 900 years ago—not long subsequent to the introduction of Christianity—and has been used until lately for public worship. It is entirely of timber, very curious and fanciful in its construction, and similar to the church at Hitterdal. As a characteristic of the locality, there is a preserved reindeer in a screened gallery, and it has a detached bell-tower. Connected with this temple, as with that other above mentioned, there are various legends, which it would require strong faith to believe. There is a tradition at Hitterdal, for instance, that on one occasion a man was seen on horseback on the top of the spire. The priest was immediately sent for, who found that it was his Satanic majesty, and drove him away—which is understood to be properly the priest's function—and he never ventured back, so that it must be a happy parish. The engineering on this road is also excellent, particularly as it approaches Loerdalsoren, although seemingly dangerous, while the scenery is exceedingly rugged, sterile, and grand. This town itself is situated in a plain of probably three square miles—a rare thing in this country—at the head of the Sogue Fiord, and is an excellent place for all kinds of sport, as well as

for visiting the glaciers of Justedal, and the Alpine heights of the Horungerne, reckoned the loftiest mountains in Norway, and attaining an elevation of considerably more than 8000 feet. Various other most interesting excursions can be made from it either by boat or on horseback, or foot.

Arriving here about two o'clock P.M., having left Nystuen about five A.M., we entered what we believed to be the station, of the comforts of which we had heard good accounts. We were informed that the house was filled with officers, and that the whole place was packed full of soldiers—the Landwehr or militia, who were assembled for their annual drill—the regular troops amounting to only about 20,000. John accordingly went in search of apartments, having first ordered dinner, but he soon returned, having been unsuccessful in his mission. He and I again went to explore, and persuaded a good lady to receive us. She arranged to put the young ladies in the attic, an elevation of which they are seldom ambitious; she resolved to place another bed for my friend W. in a room already occupied by two officers; and to tuck me up in blankets on the sofa; so all was well. We went back to report progress, and my three companions immediately

set off to inspect the premises. In their absence a young lady entered the room where I was waiting, and, after some preliminary conversation, informed me that the hotel was shut up in consequence of the occupier having become bankrupt, and that we had taken possession of a private house, into which the officers had been admitted from necessity, expressing her regret that we could not be accommodated. After due apologies, I retreated, without delay, to prevent another intrusion by my friends. John bought a small salmon for eighteenpence. Our obliging landlady gave us a beef-steak stew, and some etceteras; so that, with the help of excellent Norwegian beer, which is an agreeable and wholesome beverage, containing an infusion of pine-bark, which serves as a tonic, we made a very satisfactory repast, which was all the more grateful as it was procured under difficulties, and sweetened by the best of all condiments, the never-failing Norwegian sauce commonly called *hunger;* and we were joined in the evening at tea by the officers resident in the same house, whom we found very intelligent and agreeable gentlemen: and they also breakfasted with us next morning, when they invited us to their mess. Feeling, however, that this would be too great an intrusion,

we declined. Again we were together in the evening and morning, when they apologised for our not having more comfort; and we were not a little astonished at all their polite, kind, and gracious conduct when we discovered that, without their permission or knowledge, we had taken possession of their sitting room. I suspect our countrymen would not have been so accommodating to foreigners, although all connected with our army and navy are proverbially courteous. Another proof of the genuine goodness of the Norwegians occurred here. Our pine-model friends, who arrived soon after us, learned that every apartment in the town was occupied, and were received with the greatest cordiality into a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, where they were shown every attention.

As there was no steamer on the day after we reached Loerdalsoren, we spent it pleasantly in sauntering about the place. Having secured one of the usual small boats, we went a-fishing on the Fiord. These are narrow and slenderly built, and not very steady, though quite safe if prudently managed. My dear reverend friend, Dr. W., however, like another great apostle, not having much faith on the water, and fearing a vacancy in the parish of ———, to the great hurt and

loss of the lieges, deemed it prudent to get his foot on *terra firma*, and disembarked with his daughter and niece. *Our* lives not being of great value, John and I continued at our piscatory labours, and were rewarded for our perseverance and patience with two very small fishes. When we were re-united to the rest of the party, they showed us some fine specimens of saxifrage. Indeed, Norway everywhere abounds in beautiful wild flowers, as in wild fruits and in forest trees, although there are few shady shrubs, and the richness of the botanical seemed as remarkable as the poverty of the animal, and, we might almost add, of the mineral kingdom. One naturalist found in the Dovre Feld alone 200 mosses, 150 lichens, 50 algae, and 439 phanerogamic plants, and ferns—(the last abound,) of which there are about 40 kinds in the country. The blue hyacinth, snowdrop, violet, and lily of the valley are frequently seen. The bilberry, cloudberry, mulberry, gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry, red-currant, and cherry grow wild. Vegetation is so rapid that barley is said to increase two and a-half inches in twenty-four hours in the north of Norway, where it is planted and harvested in ten weeks. The forest trees are the oak, ash, mountain ash, beech, birch, elm, holly, horse-chestnut,

lime, larch, maple, spruce, and Scotch firs, whose occurrence, of course, depends on the elevation and latitude. The last two, especially spruce, are by far the most abundant. The rocks are chiefly granite, gneiss, and slate, though lime and sandstone are found. Iron, copper, silver, cobalt, and nickel are the metals, and it is believed there is no coal.

FROM LOERDALSOREN TO VOSSEVANGEN.

We left Loerdalsoren for Vossevangen on Thursday morning, July 7, by steamer on the Sogne Fiord, which, notwithstanding clouds and a little rain, we admired very much. The fiord is generally narrow, with abrupt precipices and lofty mountains on both sides, the latter occasionally rising to the height of 5000 feet, so that the scenery was grand and sublime. We cruised along in many windings, and into different arms of the fiord, each of which has its local name, visiting several stations, and arrived in the afternoon at *Gudvangen*, where we disembarked, and sent our carriages on by the steamer to Bergen, as it was impracticable to convey them by small boats. From Gudvangen, where may be seen the Keel fos, a small waterfall of 2000 feet, we proceeded along the magnificent Naerodal and Stalheims clefts, which were most impressive, and

were now illuminated by bright sunshine. At their termination an ascent is made by a zig-zag road, where the streams, which by their combined waters constitute the Naerodal river, form two really fine falls, one on each side—the Stalheim fos, and the Salvklev fos, 1000 feet high, the beauty of the latter of which can scarcely be surpassed. Portions of it are like lace-work, and a singular appearance may be observed here as elsewhere;—the water sometimes shoots down like a series of rockets, or comets, with nucleus and tail, and sometimes is shaped into small round white balls.

From near this we went by *Stol-karres*, in one of which Miss —— left her sketch-book, which, with characteristic attention and honesty, was forwarded by an Englishman two days afterwards to Vik. On this route we passed through a highland Scotch-looking district, with a succession of small lakes on the left, and subsequently saw the lofty Tvindefos, at the station of the same name, and reached the comfortable hotel at *Vosevangen*, near the head of the Vangs Fiord, after a long and interesting day's journey, about nine P.M., and in half-an-hour Herr Fleischer had an excellent dinner ready for us; and as two intimate friends (sisters) of Miss M. W. were to be married on that day, it was felt to be incumbent

on us to drink the young couple's health, without which they could not reasonably be expected to prosper.

TO THE HARDANGER FIORD.

We joined next morning, at breakfast, a French gentleman, with his English wife and her friend, who, if the adage be true, "Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur," must be a female Solomon, unless she be that rare phenomenon, a female mute. Immediately thereafter we left these excellent quarters with very pleasant recollections—Dr. W. taking a flask of champagne with him for another great occasion. By a splendid road (in stolkarres), skirting the Gravens Vand, commanding some fine views, and embracing the never-failing fosses, we reached Oere Vassenden, from which there is a bridle-road over the mountains to *Ulvik*, or *Brakinaes*, which we did not take, but went on to *Eide*, on the Hardanger, where one of the loveliest and grandest views which it is possible to imagine suddenly burst on our view. Standing at the excellent station, a long narrow stretch of water lay before us, as still as molten glass, and so clear that the water-fowl which rested on it, miles distant, had their shadows clearly defined, which gave them the appearance of a large size;

while abruptly, on each side, rose steep and lofty mountains, the lower part of which was covered chiefly with fir, amid which was an occasional cottage, or bold grey rocks, which sometimes reached a great height, and the summit of the bergs were sterile, wild, and grand. Far off, in front, they rose to an elevation of several thousand feet, and were partially covered with snow, where the Fiord was divided by a lofty promontory, and swept away to right and left; and, as it receded out of sight among the forest-clad hills, imagination invested it with additional charms, for fancy "lent enchantment to the view." Above floated a few fleecy clouds, and beyond them a bright blue sky and a brilliant sun, which shot down his warm rays through the pellucid and balmy air; and a heavenly repose, which soothed and elevated the soul, was shed over the scene, unbroken save by the sweet music of stream and fos. One felt as if he could dwell for ever mid this enchanting beauty in a dream of quiet happiness.

Frail humanity, however, reminded us of sober realities, and prompted the propriety of not forgetting creature comforts. So, having repaired our exhausted energies, we hired a boat with four stout oarsmen—as there was no steamer on that

day—to row us to *Vik*, a distance of nearly seven and a-half Norwegian miles, taking with us a basket of provisions, the benefit of which we subsequently discovered. After advancing to the end of the reach of water already referred to, we turned to the left, where a new range of snow-spotted mountains came into view, with another division in the fiord—one branch stretching to the right by the Folgefond glacier to Odde and the Skjæggedal fos, and the other to the left to Vik and the Voring fos, which latter was our course. As the afternoon advanced, we received some internal admonitions to attend to terrestrial things, so we drew up in a lovely rocky cove, opposite the arm of the fiord, which stretched away north to Ulvik, near a mountain torrent, waterfall, mill, and cottages, where we made an onslaught on the solids in the basket, which, in the want of a wine glass, we washed down with a tumbler of the reserve flask of champagne, to the health and happiness of *our* dear young friend, Miss ——, who that day reached the mature age of ——, and thereafter received a due and proportionate augmentation of respectful veneration. By-and-by the sun disappeared behind the wild, craggy, lofty peaks, to the north-west; and the successive tints on the mountains from gold, rose,

and purple, to deeper gloom, were exquisitely beautiful, while on the water rested endlessly varied shades of light, determined by the shadows of the hills, which seemed to dip down into the deep, as if they descended as well as ascended; and, so still and clear was the water, that it was sometimes difficult to define when it met the land.

VIK AND THE VORING FOS.

In the evening we arrived at Vik, and found accommodation, though not comfort, which was the only station at which we had real reason to complain in all our Scandinavian tour. But nothing could be got here except rusks, brown bread, and rancid butter, beer and coffee, which last are always good in Norway. We learned that the *Voring fos* was about two Norwegian miles distant; that, after a walk of two English miles, we must cross a lake for half-a-mile on the way, and that it was indispensable to have a pony and guide each. John made all arrangements accordingly; and, indeed, horses and guides were despatched beyond the lake that evening, considerately dispensing with one of the guides, whose place he was to supply, and stipulating that a dollar was to be paid for each guide and each horse. Anxious to get back to Eide next evening,

we courageously resolved to be up at four A.M.—but many a brave man at night is prostrate in the morning—and, as there was no clock on the premises, without which no person can be reasonably expected ever to awake, John failed to call us in time,—the only occasion on which he did so,—and so we could not start before seven A.M. When about to set out, we found one horse, which probably they had failed to get on the mountains the previous evening, waiting at the station, which, on our reaching the lake, was put into a small shallop, a cow into another, and we into a third, whereby we all crossed in safety; the quadrupeds being, perhaps, quieter and steadier passengers than the bipeds, as they seem quite at home in these boats, and know instinctively not to move. Our course was along the side of this sheet of water, under lofty, precipitous rocks, while a bare shelving mountain arose from the other side. On reaching the hamlet of Jaebo, the other three horses, which had been sent forward over night, immediately appeared: some little time was spent in putting to rights the riding gear, which was not of the most fashionable sort. The bridles consisted of ropes; the saddles were very primitive, one of them, which had been fine in its day, having an embossed date of last century; the ladies' saddles

were similar to those used in the Pyrenees, and like small chairs, while the feet hung right down on the left side, and were supported on a piece of board, which was tied with rope; so that altogether it was a curious outfit, and the cavalcade would doubtless have made a great impression in Rottenrow

The bridle path was along a rapid rolling river, which we crossed on a narrow wooden bridge, in a deep glen, and was exceedingly rough and stony. I happened to be somewhat in advance of the rest of the party, and came to an incline of sheer rock. I thought of dismounting, but was prevented, by remembering the reply to a certain witty senator of the college of justice by his shepherd, when the former hoped that, were he a sheep, he would take the lee side of the hill in a stormy day, to whom the latter said: "If ye were a sheep, my lord, and ye wud hae mair sense." So trusting to the pony's sense and experience, I allowed it to climb away. By-and-by, however, I was brought to a halt behind some huge detached rocks beside a roaring cataract; and, on the arrival of the others, clambered for a short distance on foot. After a little advance, we appeared quite shut in, and were much astonished to be told by the guides that we must ascend the steep hill in front, which seemed

impossible for horses—a word which, like the Iron Duke, they do not understand in this region. So, after crossing two narrow wooden and broken bridges, without rails, and a brief rest, we began to go up the wild, precipitous, almost perpendicular slope. The road was formed zig-zag on the face of the mountain; in some places supported on one side by building, in others sheer stairs of rude stones, and so narrow that the feet were constantly coming into contact with the rocks. The good old animal (twenty-four years of age) on which Miss M. W. rode, gave once a stagger, and was within a foot of depriving her of the pleasure of ever seeing the Voring fos, and putting us to the inconvenience of carrying her back in fragments; but, like a brave, noble-hearted, though gentle girl, she rode on. Sorry for our poor steeds, we tried to walk for some way: feeling it too much, however, we remounted, and at last reached the summit of the ascent of probably ten or twelve hundred feet, but no Voring fos. We proceeded over a wild, bleak moorland, sometimes peaty, and at others rocky, and surrounded by snowy hills. By-and-by what seemed a thin smoke, appeared to the left ahead; and, in half-an-hour, we left our horses by the side of a morass, and walked on to it, which proved to be the spray of the fos. We

arrived at the brink of the precipice, but my good friend Dr. W., being subject to attacks of *petrophobia*, as well as *hydrophobia*, which here seized him with their combined force, and having a salutary regard for the interest of his parishioners and the church, would not go near it, nor would he allow the young ladies to do so, who, though not Lancashire witches, had spirit enough to cross the ravine on a broomstick. He asserted, contrary to the remonstrances of the guides, that we would get a better view from a point half-a-mile along the top of the bank. Having great confidence to place in his practical sagacity, as he is always "abominably sensible," I had no doubt he was right. Nevertheless, not being a believer in human infallibility, I resolved to have a peep over the precipice, and gave my arm to two of the guides to hold by the wrist, and what a magnificent sight! There a pretty large river poured over a rock right beneath me, its pale green waters at one unbroken leap of 900 feet, and then rolled in the cauldron below, sending up volumes of semi-transparent spray, and thereafter rushed away in a deep gorge, with rent, ragged rocks on both sides. Not being very well provided with a head, I did not *look* long, lest I should feel disposed to *leap*, and considered that, instead of

imitating the river, it would be wiser to follow the example of my friends, whom I soon rejoined, and we were rewarded by a splendid, though unknown, view of the fall. Having gazed for some time at the grand and beautiful sight, we adjourned to the shepherd's hut, where we got a plain, but agreeable refreshment; and found, from the visitor's book, that Prince Arthur and suite had been there some years before, when they enjoyed amazingly the flad brod and cream. The shepherd also informed us that, on one occasion, he and a gentleman—a Scotchman, of course—descended the precipice to the river side,—which shows the Tourist Club might do something there,—and got back safely in three hours.

On our return journey, we walked down the steep mountain path already described, as it was impossible to ride, and it was interesting and amusing to watch how circumspectly the ponies picked their steps. Thereafter we got so accustomed to the ground that some of the party began racing, a piece of horsemanship which far surpassed the Derby; and we reached Vik after about ten hours' absence, much pleased with our excursion of thirty English miles, with our horses and our guides, sufficiently tired, however, not to venture to go on to Eide, especially as evening

was approaching—which, like all other disappointments, when rightly looked at, was fortunate in the end. Not a word of complaint from our patient, persevering, energetic young friends, and as there was an entry in the post-book that the excursion was impossible for ladies, we made a suitable correction to their honour.

We two of the less worthy gender, on entering our room, discovered that our traps were removed. On inquiring, the substitute for a landlady informed us that the Lutheran priest had come to officiate there to-morrow, and he had got our apartment. Against this there was a remonstrance, and she, astonished, asked the courier who we were. His zeal warming his imagination, as we afterwards learned, he declared it was the Prince of Wales and an English bishop, so our chattels were restored immediately. The priest, I believe, got proper accommodation; which is more than an English tourist who subsequently arrived met with, as he had to perform his ablutions in the fiord—the most magnificent wash-basin he ever had. John had brought some delicious butter from the Voring fos, and had plundered some hens' nests, or otherwise procured fresh eggs, which, in the want of egg-cups, we ate out of our fingers, so that, with the help of tea and Liebig's

Extract, which we had with us, we got on wonderfully well, until we left on Monday morning.

Sabbath was a very interesting, and, I trust, not unprofitable day. It broke beautifully; a few fleecy clouds floated in the sky, which sometimes rested on the mountain tops, whose sides were ever variegated by sunshine and flitting shadows. The fiord reposed in sacred stillness, while over its lovely bosom small-boats were approaching from all directions the House of God, whom one could not help worshipping in this glorious temple of the Universe. At eleven o'clock we entered with others the earthly sanctuary, which was built of stone, and covered with slates, and was of considerable size, being one of three or four in the parish. It consisted of a chancel, with altar, screen, and choir. The people were somewhat irregular and late in arriving, as some of them had come twenty English miles. At last, when assembled, the church was full, even in the passage, and the men were on one side of it, the women on the other. They wore highly picturesque costumes—this, Thelemarken and Bergen, being the only districts almost now where this practice is adhered to. That of the females was very striking and beautiful. It consisted of shoes, stockings, embroidered with bright colours on the

outside of the leg; a dark, short, woollen petticoat; a scarlet jacket or boddice, white linen sleeves down to the wrist, a stomacher ornamented with bead-work, white collar and ribbon, plaited front, with rings, buckles, and broaches; many of the last being valuable family heirlooms of gold and precious stones. The men displayed a profusion of silver buttons on their clothes.

The minister used a service book, somewhat similar to that of the Church of England, which most of the people had, though many of them joined from memory, in the singing or chaunting, of which there was a great deal. The Lutheran priest appeared to be an intelligent and respectable man; and his whole services, including sermon and subsequent work, were earnest, solemn, and impressive. The Communion was dispensed,—for which he put on a black velvet cope, with a large silver cross on the back,—in a manner very similar to that observed in the English Church, only *wafers* with wine were used, and a considerable number of the congregation received it. There were also two baptisms; the mothers, accompanied with an attendant each, presenting the children, and assuming the vows. The pastor took the children to the font, and thrice laid water on their heads, which had been uncovered for the purpose, bap-

tizing them successively in the names of the three persons of the blessed Trinity. After a short interval, two couples were married; although it is understood that the clergy discourage Sunday marriages, as these events are usually followed by a weeks' carousing. In this case one of the parties belonged to the better class of peasant proprietors, and the bride wore the ancient crown. It consisted of gold and gems, real or imitation, for both kinds are used, and was of a large size. Sometimes these belong to old families, and sometimes to the priest, or other person who lets them out. This bridal queen walked at the head of a procession, alone into the church, as grave and dignified as a judge, with her hands crossed in front under an embroidered white handkerchief. The four poor victims, who were to be slain, stood before the altar rails, supported by their groomsmen, etc., while the rest of their friends clustered around, the women wearing white aprons. At one part of the service, an allusion was made to one of the bridegrooms having been lost for days in the mountains, at which, with kindly and touching sympathy, all began to weep, which this gay bride tried to do; but it was obviously hard work with her, as her heart was glad, and so she was satisfied with using her fine handkerchief with tender dis-

cretion. After registration of names, they retired, —this rural beauty alone in her glory; and we wished the happy, happy pairs much joy, but unfortunately did not know that we should have presented them with a piece of money for *luck*.

FOR BERGEN.

On July 11, we left Vik at eight o'clock A.M., by the good steamer "Hardangeren," and went up the Sor fiord, as it is called, to *Odde*. This is a splendid route, the sides of the mountains having villages, cottages, and patches of crop and grass land amid the forest, through which, as usual, rush waterfalls; and on the west is the Folge-fond glacier, which extends over a range of lofty mountains, 5000 feet high, and is forty English miles long by fifteen broad, while it descends to within a thousand feet of the water, where its blue-green, beryl-like, precipitous sides, if not absolutely beautiful, are certainly strange and curious. At Odde, we parted with Colonel ——, commandant at ——, a most intelligent and agreeable Irish gentleman, whom we afterwards saw at Christiania, and who was also at Stockholm when we were there. He was a Protestant and a liberal, but knew his countrymen thoroughly, and said that no people were more

easily ruled, if you did it in the right way, but you must keep a firm rein. He approved of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but condemned the action of successive Governments in making Ireland the battlefield of party politics, and giving concessions for selfish purposes. He considered that the law should be strictly enforced, in which all thoughtful persons will concur; and that the *habeas corpus* Act should be suspended for five years, as a few months was of no use, since those who lived by agitation just lay on their oars for a little and began again. The old priests he considered loyal, but not the young ones, who were fit for anything, and would even, if necessary, ally themselves with the Fenians. He believed the Irish soldiers might safely be relied on, of which he gave an interesting proof, connected with his own command.

It has been thought that one effectual plan for diminishing agrarian outrages in Ireland would be to punish, by imprisonment or otherwise, the parish priest, in every case where they occur, until the criminals surrendered. This may appear a harsh and unrighteous measure, but great evils demand severe remedies; and, as it is well known that these gentlemen have frequently incited to mischief, and even denounced as objects of

barbaric and brutal vengeance, at the holy altar, where is celebrated the last passion of the living Jesus, the most innocent and benevolent individuals; as they are frequently believed to be thoroughly acquainted with wicked projects before they are carried into execution, and do not attempt to prevent, nay, connive at them; as they are conversant with them afterwards in the confessional, and do not divulge them; and their ignorant dupes consider that they have only to commit murder, and go and get absolution; the priests cannot be otherwise regarded than as act and part, and are so far guilty by the laws of God and man. No pretences of religion can justify them. The cruelty to them would not be a thousandth part of what is exercised on the best portion of the inhabitants of that unhappy isle, who are kept in constant dread of their lives; and, if this plan were adopted and vigorously carried out, it could scarcely fail in a short time to terminate these savage crimes, and that chronic turbulence which has its origin at Rome, and is systematically maintained for the purpose of banishing the Protestant population.

From Odde may be visited the *Skjaeggedal fos*, which takes about ten or twelve hours to reach. This, and the Riukan fos and Voring fos, are

reckoned about the finest in Norway, but which of these three deserves the preference has not been decided, as much depends on taste and circumstances. Having seen the other two, and being limited for time, we did not go to this one, but continued on board the "Hardangeren," where we met with the near relative of an old and esteemed friend, with whom, for several days, we had much pleasant intercourse—the gentleman's brother being M.P. for an important Scotch county. Going down the Sor fiord, we touched at *Utne*—a beautiful place, with excellent station —and thence proceeded to Eide, from which we steamed to *Norheimsund,* and as navigation became difficult from rocks and islands, the anchor was dropped for the night. Preferring sleeping on shore, we landed, and thereafter visited the *Steensdal fos*—on the edge of a beautiful valley about two English miles from the station—and, as it began to rain heavily, we took shelter under the fall beneath a jutting rock, with a fine sheet of water pouring overhead. Next morning we left this very early; the weather was not particularly propitious, as the mountains were clothed chiefly with clouds, but we saw enough to show the grandeur of the scene as we threaded our way among the numerous islands. The mist having

cleared away, we reached Bergen on a lovely afternoon, and took up our abode at Sontum's Lodgings, the most comfortable quarters in the place.

BERGEN.

Bergen, formerly the capital of Norway, which was founded in 1070 by King Olaf Kyrrie, contains 37,700 inhabitants, has a mild, but very rainy climate, and carries on a large trade—chiefly in stockfish, herrings, cod-liver oil, and the produce of the forests. The environs are picturesque, but neither grand nor beautiful, though containing a number of pretty villas belonging to the wealthy merchants. There is a large, well-kept cemetery, in which the graves are frequently headed by a cross, and are raised into a small heap planted with flowers, as if it were a remnant of the ancient Scandinavian mound. Near it is the hospital for lepers, an extensive building, as this disease is very prevalent on the west coast of Norway, and is supposed to arise from the people living chiefly on fish, which they prefer after they become slightly decayed. As we could get no steamer, we were obliged to remain here for several days, although there was not much to interest. We examined the museum, picture gallery, and fish market, where we saw the finny tribe all alive in

large tubs filled with water; and, having nothing to do, took to shopping, as there are here many ornaments for sale of native silver and workmanship. At last we set off on the afternoon of Friday, the 15th, by the "Kong Carl" for Molde.

BERGEN TO MOLDE.

This was a large and comfortable vessel, which threaded her way wonderfully among the countless rocky islands on the coast, which were often very near each other, and sometimes very high; and the path was so intricate that it had to be indicated by white marks painted on the stones on shore. There were about 200 passengers on board, including a large party going to Tromsö to the triennial missionary meeting, which is held in some town in the country, taking them by turns, to awaken interest in the subject, which a missionary told me is slowly increasing, while he believed that drunkenness and immorality are rather diminishing. Every effort is made by the Government to promote sobriety. Spirits are not allowed to be sold at the rural stations, or refreshment rooms on railways; a very few licenses are granted for their sale in large towns, for which a heavy tax is exacted. In Bergen, about half-a-dozen only are given; and one man pays about

£150 a-year for permission to deal in cognac. A limited quantity is allowed to each buyer, and the places of business are shut from Saturday afternoon or evening—when the Sabbath is supposed to begin—till Monday morning; while the law, we believe, is rigidly enforced.

These regulations might, in whole or in part, be beneficially adopted, perhaps with modifications, in this country, where the sale of, and indulgence in, intoxicating liquors are productive of such fearful and wide-spread evils. The revenue might suffer for a time, but what is that to the unspeakable benefits which would result from the promotion of sobriety among our people. There seems to be altogether mistaken notions about the seat of the real strength of the empire. Many who speak without thinking, and some of deep reflection, are ever talking of "progress," and "the spirit of the age;" and, as proofs of the prosperity of the kingdom, they point to the increase of population, of trade, of resources, and revenue. But they forget that these may be all deceptive, and nothing but the whitening of the sepulchre, which is full of corruption. It is the moral condition of the people alone which makes them powerful, and this cannot be said truly to be improving. On the contrary,

in many respects it is deteriorating. Sabbath desecration, desertion of the ordinances of worship, scepticism, open and avowed atheism, are rampant; and, as a natural result, drunkenness and dishonesty. And yet it is proposed to separate religion from the instruction of the young, although righteousness alone exalteth a nation, and sin is a disgrace to, and must prove, the ruin of any people, since they lose thereby the favour and support of the Supreme Ruler, by whom kings reign.

When the evening approached, the passengers on board the "Kong Carl," were assembled on deck, and joined together in praise, Scripture reading, and prayer, which had a solemn and impressive effect, which was soon rather marred, however, by a ludicrous scene in the saloon. Berths being scarce below, two ranges of them were fitted up along its sides, which were attempted to be shut off by curtains. The ladies were put on one side, and the gentlemen on the other; but the latter forming the majority, the superfluous lords of the creation had to be sent to the other compartment. Here one was undressing; there another asleep; some were eating and drinking at the small central tables; others playing at chess or cards; so that the *tout ensemble* was too much for ordinary mortals. A number lay all night on

deck, and among others our pine-model friends, who were on their way to the north in search of bears; and we had on board also a queer Anglo-Irish parson, who was bent on having his photograph taken by the sun at midnight. This desire had been intensified by seeing some Scotchmen at Bergen, from Hammerfest, one of whom showed a hole, which he said he had burned in his hat at that hour with his opera-glass — which was but a sorry trophy—as one could have made a bigger one without the sun nearer home. We spent an hour at *Aalsund*, a quaint town, engaged in the fishing trade, in which there is scarcely any level ground, and the houses are scattered about on rocky knolls. And we reached *Molde* about five P.M., on Saturday, when a polite Norwegian gentleman secured us apartments in Buck's Hotel, and when, to our surprise, we saw an official telegram announcing that France had declared war against Prussia.

This is a straggling town of about 1700 inhabitants, with a large hospital for lepers, and its trade is chiefly in fish and timber. The view from the hill behind it, over the fiord or frith—a term generally applied to an arm of the sea, but sometimes also to inland lakes, more usually called vands—with its wooded islands and promon-

tories, and the lofty range of snowy and peeked mountains beyond, is inconceivably grand and beautiful. Indeed, one never ceases to wonder at the immense amount of endlessly varied, though similar scenery, of the finest description, which this wonderful country exhibits, which is like an endless succession of gorgeous pictures. It is a combination of mountain and valley—wood, rock, and river—lakes, fiords, and fosses—interspersed with picturesque human habitations; and may be reckoned a combination of Scotch and Alpine mountain landscape, much wilder and grander than the former, and greatly inferior in magnificence to the latter—the loftiest peak being only about half the height of Mont Blanc; while it comprises many of the features of each, and has distinctive peculiarities of its own; and is rendered agreeable by an industrious, honest, intelligent, somewhat grave and kindly people.

In church at Molde, on Sabbath, we again saw a large congregation assembled, and everything becoming the time and place, including a public examination of the catechumens after the service —a salutary practice, which lasts for weeks or months annually. Everywhere the sanctuaries seem to be well attended, and the cathedral at Christiania had even the passages crowded, and

the whole assembly join cordially in the praises. There are no symptoms of superstition, and although there are occasionally pictures, votive offerings, sculptures, and crucifixes in the houses of prayer, no person takes any notice of them, nor are they there as objects of worship.

MOLDE TO ORMEN.

Early on Monday, the 18th, we left Molde for Veblungnaes by a small steamer, on which we met with an English clergyman on a pedestrian excursion to Trondheim. Having landed, and got our carriages, which we picked up at Bergen, disembarked, we proceeded to the Aak Hotel, which is only a few miles from Veblungnaes, and which may be reached also from Naes. Here, being disposed to rest and view the scenery, we ordered an early dinner at this much frequented and celebrated station, in which we were joined by our fellow-traveller.

Aak is simply a rural hotel, with no village, situated in a magnificent spot, on a rising ground near the river Rauma, at the entrance to the almost incomparable *Romsdalen*. It is surrounded by lofty mountain ranges, several of which seem to converge here. Among these is the sharp peak of the Romsdal Horn, which, when we were there,

had beautiful wreaths of white fleecy cloud floating lazily around it, as if to array it in a woolly robe, through which dark rocky patches occasionally burst into view—now on its craggy sides, and again its sharp stony summit—which made it appear as if it reached the very heavens. It is impossible to imagine anything more striking or more impressive than this *dal*. It is about half-a-mile broad. A large river rolls rapidly along it, fringed with trees, which are interspersed with peasants' huts and miniature crystal lakes and streams, while, on either side, a perpendicular wall of bare rock rises probably 1000 or 1200 feet, and then retreats into lofty snow-clad mountains four or five times that height. The day on which we passed through it being cloudy, suited the wild, gloomy, and savage grandeur of the scene; nor can it be better described, perhaps, than in the words of a polyglot German, who at the end of the journey said, in four different tongues jumbled together — English, French, German, and Norwegian or Danish (which are the same)—that it was "very majestic, very imposing, very interesting, and very beautiful." The cottages were rare, however, and, as elsewhere, built of wood, though stone be abundant—perhaps from the difficulty of working the latter, and the want of

lime. In towns, sometimes frames are made in constructing the houses, on which boards are nailed outside and inside. On the latter is fixed canvass, which is covered with paper; but in the country usually logs of fir are laid upon each other, curiously mortised into each other at the ends, to form the walls, with mud or moss filling up interstices. The windows are cut out after the walls are completed. They are generally made to rest on a stone foundation; and the out-houses are sometimes raised a foot or two off the ground, while they have two storeys—the uppermost of which is the widest, and overlaps the other, as does the roofboth, which is composed of shingles covered with birch bark, above which are turf and stones. In the outhouses, the cattle and hay are kept all winter. They feed at the Saeters, on the elevated lands, in summer, and the grass in the valleys is carefully cut and dried on wooden frames for the cold season, when the snow is generally six feet deep, and travelling is by sledges, although the peasants are bound to keep the roads clear, and snow ploughs are constantly seen at intervals beside them.

We were struck here, as elsewhere, with the scarcity of animals, and could not help thinking that the accounts about the abundance of game

in Norway were greatly exaggerated. There are, doubtless, elk, rein-deer, red-deer in the islands, and hares, as well as capercailzie, ptarmigan, hazel and wood grouse, woodcocks, snipes, and ducks. But all that we saw during a month in the country was one female capercailzie and her brood, near Lysthuus; and we got rein-deer twice, grouse two or three times, but out of season. So we apprehend that, notwithstanding the means used to preserve it, game is diminishing. This may be partly owing to the fact that eagles, hawks, ravens, and magpies abound. We saw also a jay or two, sparrows, chaffinches, yellow hammers, thrushes, and another beautiful reddish bird, but no other. Even insect life appears scarce, which, I believe, is a characteristic of all cold countries.

What renders the scarcity of animals the more remarkable is the variety and stringency of the laws by which many kinds are protected. Rewards are given for the destruction of beasts and birds of prey:—for a bear, wolf, lynx, or wolverine, five dollars; and for an eagle, osprey, or goshawk, one dollar. And elks, red-deer, and beavers may be killed only from 1st August to 31st October, and during that time only by owners of the property where they are found, who have the right to kill only one elk, one beaver,

and two red-deer on the same property; but the king, upon a recommendation from the local authorities, may extend this permission in the case of large forests. Wild rein-deer may not be killed from 1st April to 1st August. Hares may not be hunted from 1st June to 15th August. Hen capercailzie may not be killed from 15th March to 15th August. Cock capercailzie, black game, hazel hens, and ptarmigan, from 15th May to 15th August. And there are many other strict regulations, the transgression of which is variously, but rather severely fined.

We reached the beautifully situated station of *Ormen*, in the evening, looking down on the valley of the Rauma, and across to a splendid double waterfall, rushing down the opposite hill, after a long day of singularly diversified scenery and enjoyment; and after attending to the ministry of the interior—a most important and necessary duty —we sauntered about listlessly, and thereafter went to bed, which in this country is simply a sort of rather short, narrow wooden box, without a lid, curtains, or canopy. Here I believe we saw, for the last time, *flad brod*, which is an extremely thin, well-baked sheet of dough, which is made in summer in great quantities, and stored up in piles, like brown paper, for winter use. Next morning

we left, after a light breakfast, about four or five o'clock, as we intended to have a long drive, and the horses were few here, and John chuckled greatly at having, with the aid of the *skyds shaffer's* (station-master) sister, out-manœuvred a German family, and secured the ponies, as he always considered the first point was to take care of his own party, and thereafter to do what he could for others—especially English. It was a splendid morning, fresh, bright, and cool, as we were about two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Between this and Storeflaaten, about thirty yards off the road, there is a fine waterfall, called Sondre Slittefossen, which we greatly admired. We soon reached a bleak upper moorland, studded with stunted firs, from which the peasants were distilling pitch; and which stretched alongside nearly twenty English miles of shallow water, which seemed one lake, from one end of which flowed the Rauma westwards, and the Logen eastwards; but it is two lakes in reality —the Lesge Vand, the source of the latter river, and the Lesgevoerks Vand, five hundred and forty-one feet higher, the head of the former. At Holaker in an uninteresting country we had a substantial repast about noon, which I am at a loss how to name, for we lost our reckoning of

meals, which we took at all hours; having dinner as we could get it, from mid-day to midnight; and breakfast from four A.M. till noon, according to time, place, and circumstances; much guided by the good old motto, "eat when you're hungry, and drink when you're dry."

Between this and Dombaas, the next station, from which a branch of the road turns north, over the Dovrefeld to Trondhjem, it rained heavily, and showers fell all the afternoon. However, being well prepared for it, we held on our way, chiefly along the banks of the Logen Elv (river), which was skirted, as usual, by wooded hills.

We rested for a little at *Toftemoen*, an excellent station, kept by Herr Tofte, a rich farmer, and descendant of Harald Haarfager, of which he and his retainers are very proud; but, like a sensible man, he is not above his position and work. He assisted in unyoking and yoking our beasts, took us into his parlour—in which there were some singular pieces of gilt very old furniture—and brought us a bottle of beer. I went into the kitchen to warm myself at the fire, where his princely helpmate and all the rest of the scions of ancient royalty were engaged in household duties. When the king passed, in 1860, on his way to Trondhjem to be crowned, he told him

not to unpack his chattels, as he had silver spoons and forks sufficient for him, and his suite of thirty or forty attendants, at dinner. He has a brother in the neighbourhood, whose daughter deserted the state of single-blessedness about the time of our visit, and they had a jolly wedding for a week. Plain, simple, honest people as they are, they will only inter-marry with kith and kin. Having passed the spot where Colonel Sinclair and his Scotch followers, who had gone to assist Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, in 1612, were massacred, we reached *Storklevstad,* near which is Sinclair's monument, about half-past nine P.M., having driven about ninety-three English miles since early breakfast. We had intended to have gone about ten English miles farther to the excellent station of Oien, but stayed here in consequence of one of the party being rather chilled and out of sorts, and had no reason to regret our resolution. Said grumbler tumbled into bed, covered himself with an Eider-down quilt, of which material there is great abundance gathered near Molde, and ordered a tumbler of hot, strong brandy and water, forgetting that such was prohibited. The good landlady sent him her whole private store of Cognac, consisting of a small glass in a large decanter,

which served the purpose, dispelled the threatened fever, and next night Richard was himself again.

On the following morning, an obliging fellow-traveller, who had kindly given up his room to our ladies, missed his luggage-straps, about which no person knew anything; for in this, as in another highland country which I could name, small articles are sometimes *lost*, but, of course, never *stolen*. As we started, we fell in with a brave young representative of Gamle Norge—a boy of fifteen years of age—who alone had made a pedestrian excursion over the Dovrefeld with his knapsack, and who joined us next day on the steamer at *Lillehammer*, having walked in the interim fifty-six English miles, and was as frisky and agile as his native goats—not at all sheepish. The route to this town, through Gudbransdal, which begins at Doombaas, is along the large river Logen, and is very beautiful,—not so wild and grand as some other parts, but rich, fertile, and picturesque, and commanding some fine prospects. Lillehammer itself, a town of nearly 1700 inhabitants, is well situated at the head of the Mösen lake, and has two good hotels. We put up at Madame Ormsrud's, where we found everything satisfactory, and saw some of our fellow-subjects—among others, a real live Irish

lord, and several English and Scotch; among the last, an interesting member of the Rob Roy clan, who metaphorically paddled her own canoe.

LILLEHAMMER TO CHRISTIANIA.

We left next morning by the steamer for *Eidsvold* on the Mösen-sö, from which we took the railway to Christiania. This is the largest lake in Norway, being sixty miles long by seven broad. It was evidently agitated, and rose twenty feet, at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon in 1755. It has several branches on the east side, and villages along the shore, from one of which, Gjovik, there is a road to Skoien and Nystuen. At another, Stor Hammer, an ancient town, which was destroyed by the Swedes in 1567, there are some arches remaining of the old cathedral, and a residence belonging to the English engineer who formed the Christiania and Eidsvold railway, a line forty English miles long. The lake, whose banks are tame, though rich, beautiful, and well wooded, also contains a large fertile island called Helgeö, or Holy Isle. Eidsvold, at the foot of the Mösen-sö, is interesting as the place where the first Norwegian code of laws was promulgated by Halfdan the Black, and near which, at Eidsvoldvaerk, in a house still standing,

formerly belonging to the Anker family, the constitution, or grund-low, of Norge was drawn up in February, 1814, by learned and influential men, assembled by the Danish governor, Prince Christian. Here we were transferred, with all our equipment, to the railway, by which we reached Christiania on the evening of Thursday, the 21st July,—having left it twenty-five days before, and found all our fellow-passengers by the good ship Sweden, whom we were happy to meet again. On the following afternoon we all, except the Christiania merchant, assembled on board to see one of the owners, Mr A. and family, off by her for Caledonia, and next morning our American friends, the Irish colonel, etc., departed for Sweden. These were all in the Victoria hotel, where we had left our heavy luggage, and at which, on our return, we experienced much civility and comfort. Here we also met with several wandering Scots, who, with their confréres the crows and sparrows, are encountered in all lands, and who,—ever enterprising, inquisitive, and persevering, though as unattractive, and ungenial as their climate,—will no doubt be seen at the source of the Nile and the North Pole when discovered. Some of these were *en route* for the mountains, one of whom was of such weight that

no carriole could hold or support him; others had been there; three of whom, Messrs R.—brothers, agreeable and obliging gentlemen, were our fellow-travellers in the beginning of the week by railway and carriage to Sweden. The next two days we employed in paying our bills, and making our arrangements for going to Stockholm; and had great pleasure in again quietly worshipping on Sunday with the English congregation in the hall of the university:—although, as we lovingly joined together in our family devotions mid the magnificent mountain scenery, we had often poured out our souls in adoration of our heavenly Father, all whose works are great, marvellous, and beneficent, and offered up our humble thanksgiving for all his loving-kindness—feeling deeply grateful for his providential care over us in all our ways, preserving us from many perils in health, affording us so much pure and elevated enjoyment, and always turning even our little mishaps into benefits.

"Gamle Norge" was photographed on our souls, and however much we admired its scenery, we were not less pleased with its people. They were invariably agreeable and obliging, and never sycophantish or grasping; but while they wished to make others happy they ever maintained their

unaffected dignity and self-respect, seemed neither avaricious nor ambitious, and were constantly affectionate to each other, and even to their animals. Their care of their delightful little horses was remarkable. We never saw one of them ill-treated by them, perceived an ill-natured face, and seldom heard a harsh word. Strong and muscular in body, they are calm, indefatigable, and energetic in mind; and, seemingly contented and independent, have almost everything they want home-produced. They grow their own bread and beef; shear their own sheep; spin, dye, and weave their own wool. The peasant proprietors, who form the largest part of the population, are generally comfortable; and not a few are rich, as are some of the feudal tenants, which form the next largest class; farm servants, squatters, and labourers, probably are very poor. A marked feature of the country is, that a large mansion is not to be seen; nor is there, we believe, such a thing as our extensive landed proprietors. All the people, almost without exception, can read and write, and many have learned the German, English, and French languages, which are taught in their rural schools, as well as their own tongue. Besides the university at Christiania, grammar schools have been established in the towns, as well

as public libraries and schools in every parish, which are supported partly by a rate on the householders, and partly by school pence, while, in districts where the population is sparse, there are circulating masters, who go from one hamlet to another, so that the inhabitants are educated for the exercise of the elective franchise in choosing members for the Storthing or Parliament, in which there are two houses, and which assembles in their handsome apartments every three years; though, in a case of exigency, the king can call the members together at any time. These members—who are chiefly clergymen, peasant-farmers, medical men, lawyers, and burghers—are chosen by the people, and they select a fourth of their number to form the Upper House or *Lagthing*. The Commons, or *Odelthing*, on passing a Bill, sends it to the Upper House; and, if passed by them, it goes to the king for his consent, which he can only withhold from the same measure for three successive parliaments, when, notwithstanding his veto, it becomes law. They also impose taxes and vote supplies; but the army and navy are under the royal control. The members are paid travelling expenses; and, during the session, three dollars a day, so that many of them save money from their honourable labours.

The religion is Episcopal Lutheran, from which there are few dissenters; and, until 1845, none were permitted. In 1851, another Act gave Jews the same privileges as Christians, who are said, however, not to succeed, in consequence of Norwegian acuteness. Mormons are compelled to leave the country. There are five bishopricks and 336 parishes, in some of which there are several churches; and the clergy are not only hard-working, but respectable and highly educated men, many of whom can converse in several languages, including Latin. Their income averages, reckoning according to the value of money in the country, £200 a year; and that of the bishops £600. The people generally attend public ordinances remarkably well; and almost all are confirmed, although it is said that there is much laxity of discipline, and not a little drunkenness and immorality, of which we saw few symptoms; and, in these respects, we do not suppose they are worse than other European nations.

SWEDEN.

FROM CHRISTIANIA TO STOCKHOLM.

HAVING accepted of a kind invitation from Dr. W's. brother-in-law, Baron Raab, to visit him at Stockholm, as our furlough was nearly out, it was necessary for us to leave on 25th July for that city direct. We had been informed that the railway was not completed between Arvika and Carlstad, a distance of eight Swedish miles (a Swedish mile is six and five-eight English miles, rather less than the Norwegian), fully fifty English miles, and that the diligence, as it was called, which was merely the post car, carried only one or two passengers. It was therefore necessary to post that part of the road, and accordingly, lest there should be a scarcity of horses, we sent on a telegram to Arvika on Friday to have a carriage ready on our arrival by railway on Monday, and to send on a *forbud, i.e.*, a message to have ponies ready at the different stations on the way, to prevent delay. We departed from Christiania at

eight A.M. on that day, with many pleasant and no painful associations, having in the same compartment of the railway carriage a Norwegian, who was very frank and communicative, and spoke English well. We went by the line to Eidsvold until we reached Little Strommens, where the branch turned off towards Kongsvinger through beautiful scenery, past the Glommen, the largest river in Norway, which flows through O'sterdalen, and is fed by the waters of the Mösen lake; and also across the boundary between Sweden and Norway, a *ride* in the forest, on which at intervals are piled up heaps of stones, as some jealousy still exists between the countries. On reaching Arvika about two P.M. we found the postmaster, telegram in hand, awaiting our arrival, and as there was no appearance of any one to respond to the despatch of our companions *de voyage*—the three R's.—he also took charge of them, agreeing to go on with us before and order horses as we advanced for them. We all accordingly went to the *Stadshuus*, and ordered dinner, which soon appeared, having nothing particular about it except that the soup came last, with portions of pudding in it; but as the various dishes were put into the same receptacle and mixed there, the particular order in which they

were received is not perhaps of much consequence. Having changed our small money into Swedish coin we started in about two hours for Carlstad, experiencing as we drove along the streets of this small town of about 500 inhabitants—(which is situated on the river Bys, which flows into the Wenern)—an agreeable little incident, very characteristic of the kindly Swedes. A respectably dressed young woman rushed forward to the carriage as it passed on; and, having thrown two pretty bouquets into it for the ladies, ran off again; receiving a grateful bow as soon as she turned round, she returned it with a native grace that might have done for a queen. The road lay along the tract of railway which was being formed and expected to be completed next year, through a country about which there was nothing particularly striking. It was a succession of hill and dale, wood, water, pasturage, and crops intermingled, without any very distinctive feature. As we approached Carlstad, the land became level, and apparently rich, though rather full of morass, while the timber was larger; but, as the morning was very foggy and raw, we did not see it at all distinctly. After skirting for a while the large river Klar, at the mouth of which this

beautiful little city stands, on the island Tingvalla in the Wenern, we at last arrived, rather cold and weary, at four o'clock A.M. It is an important place, being the chief town of Wermland, the residence of a governor, and the seat of a bishopric, and containing 4000 or 5000 inhabitants, having also some public buildings worth looking at, and exporting timber, corn, iron, and copper. We did not, however, feel at all disposed to explore it, but with all despatch tumbled into bed. This piece of furniture we found rather peculiar. It seemed a square box, without a lid, filled with mattresses, but it drew out to a proper length, as in other cases we found it could be widened in a similar manner to a greater breadth, so as to be on the telescopic principle. Here we rested, if we did not sleep, for a couple of hours, then rose, attended to our simple toilet, took a light breakfast of coffee, rusks, and eggs, and started at 7.35 A.M. for *Stockholm*.

As the journey was so long, and we were already rather tired, we took the first-class, in which it is said none but princes and fools enter, to be ranked among neither of which did we make any pretensions, whatever might be the opinion of others. The heat was pretty great, being eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit in the carriage; and, as

we had no longer the iced water with which the compartments are supplied in Norway, most of the passengers would have preferred a lower temperature; but the air was light, dry, and delicious. At the junction of the lines from Gottenburgh and Stockholm, the king arrived per train from the latter city, whither he had gone to a meeting of council in reference to the war. Here we had to change to another train, in which there was only one first-class carriage—sometimes there is none at all. In one compartment there was an exclusive English family—that odious thing to foreigners—into which we did not intrude. Another was for smokers, in whose cloudy joys we did not wish to share. In the only remaining and centre one, there was a single lady, and we took our places beside her, when she immediately poured out an energetic remonstrance to the guard. It turned out to be for ladies only, so leaving ours there, we two inferior beings went to a second-class carriage. On mentioning the circumstances to our fellow-passengers, one of them at once took up our cause; and, at the next station, reasoned with the officials, who looked at foresaid Madame with considerable dread; and, as she had an undoubted right to act as she did, we felt unwilling to trouble her, and were told to go

beside our compatriots, whose party consisted of paterfamilias, a daughter obviously, and two sons, exactly of the senseless age. The young lady, who had got out of her teens while her brothers were in them, and who was obviously the head of the house, exclaimed, "This compartment is engaged." She was quietly asked, "Is it all engaged?" To which she replied, "It is engaged," in a tone which showed she was *fibbing*, so, urged by the guard, we stepped in. In a little conversation was attempted, but they were too dignified for that; at another station two gentlemen wished to enter, and were met by the same exclamation by the same authority, so that, although assured that two places were free, awe-struck, they retreated. This remarkable "girl of the period" made sundry lame and impotent attempts at what she obviously supposed to be French, which made paterfamilias look an inch taller. We had plenty of time to scan them, and conjecture who they might be:—certainly, a noble family at least! No! In that case you would have experienced politeness, probably kindness. So we noted the *gentleman* down as a tailor from Leeds, who had managed to cabbage a small fortune, which he considered as entitling him to be rude and

disagreeable—a conclusion, about the correctness of which there could be no reasonable doubt, as there was a respectable hole in his inexpressibles, and he travelled in his shirt sleeves without deigning an apology to two poor mortals in tweeds. So we were greatly amused with this excellent illustration of vulgar snobbishness and humble pride.

The scenery by the way was somewhat peculiar. It was nearly level, and no hill was in view. A great part of the ground was covered with natural forest, pine and fir chiefly, as in Norway, interspersed with rock, cultivated land, peasant's houses, and hamlets, but no mansion houses. Small, still, and pellucid lakes, embosomed in trees, were of very frequent occurrence, which, like eyes in the human countenance, gave animation and beauty to the scene. At last, after skirting for a while the lovely Mälar lake with its 1400 isles, we reached Stockholm a little before six P.M., where the worthy Baron R. and his family were awaiting our arrival with two carriages, and conducted us to the excellent Rydberg hotel, where we took apartments, as we felt that our party was too large to go to a private house, although we always spent our *days* with our hospitable host, who showed every possible kind-

ness, and who, from his high position, and the respect in which he was obviously held, had it in his power to do so much for our information as well as enjoyment, which there was nothing to mar, as the weather during our sojourn in that city was all that could be desired.

Stockholm is believed to have been founded, about 1260, by Birger Jail, and contains a population of 131,400. It is built chiefly on piles on three small islands, connected together at the junction of the Mälar lake and Baltic sea, into which the waters of the former here flow; and has two suburbs, the Nörmalm, in which are the best residences and shops; and the Södermalm, in which are the principal places of trade and commerce. There is much in it that is highly interesting, and the situation is exceedingly beautiful. It has been called the Venice of the North, partly, perhaps, from being situated, as it were, in the midst of water. But while, in some respects, as in the want of numerous ancient palaces with historical associations, it is inferior to the Italian city; in others, especially in the variety and beauty of its environs, and in its greater cleanness, it seemed superior, and certainly more picturesque. From some of its heights, as on the south of the town, and from the

Hasselbacken Café in the Djur Gärden, the prospect is charming; and though there are many poor people, we saw no dirty lanes nor ragged paupers. The inhabitants are generally upon the whole handsome, and have a pleasant expression of quiet, serious, cheerful politeness, while they obviously are fond of enjoyment in the open air; and the neighbourhood of the cafes, the squares, and parks are much frequented, especially in the evenings, where at several places there is good instrumental music. One peculiar and striking feature of the place is the immense number of small omnibus steamers which are continually flitting about with their living freight, like busy bees, in all directions, for an almost nominal sum, and which are very convenient. The usual charge about the city is two or three ore, 100 of which make a Swedish dollar, which is one-fourth the value of a Norwegian dollar.

Our intention was to spend four days here, as it was time that we were home; but, on this announcement being made by his brother-in-law, Dr. W., the good Baron would not hear of it, exclaiming, with presidential authority, that it was "*impossible*," there was so much to see. He had brought his excellent daughter, Mrs. B., and amiable family from the country to entertain us,

and had "borrowed" a highly accomplished young lady, Miss U., who knew the English and various other languages well, to be interpreter when required, whose agreeable society, and kindly promptitude in translating conversation in different tongues, were only equalled by her linguistic accomplishments, which cast us "foreigners" completely into the shade, and fairly established the "rights of woman;" and with all their great boasting, Britishers are in this respect completely distanced by the natives of the continent of Europe generally, who seem to acquire different languages with much greater facility—although, perhaps, they can scarcely cope with us in some other respects. We learned, also, that our highly esteemed host, notwithstanding his busy public life, had drawn out a programme to last for weeks; so we compromised the matter, and remained in the enjoyment of his hospitality for ten days, which we all fully and diligently occupied. This pleasure was not a little increased by the custom of dining early, which gave us the forenoon for one excursion, and the evening for some other project—dinner being usually between three and four o'clock, *dejeuner* probably about 10 A.M., a cup of coffee having been taken at getting out of bed.

The early part of the first day we spent about the city; and among other places we went to the Royal Palace, a large, handsome, and chaste pile of brick and stucco, on a granite foundation on the middle island. It has fine suites of apartments, with many interesting objects; and, among other paintings, a few good pictures by the king, specimens of whose art may also be seen in other palaces, and in the museum. The library, which contains 70,000 volumes, though, in consequence of the transference of two previous collections to Upsala and Rome, and the destruction of another by fire, not two hundred years old, is about to be transferred to a new building in the Djur Gärden. It contains a copy of Koberger's Bible, printed at Leipsic in 1521, with annotations by Martin Luther on the margin—an immense folio brought from Prague during the thirty years' war, with leaves of asses' skin, comprising other writings besides the sacred Scriptures, and having a hideous picture of Satan, from which it is called the "Devil's Bible"—and the *Codex Aureus*, a valuable Latin manuscript of the Gospels, in Gothic golden letters, on alternate leaves of white and violet vellum. It is understood to be of the sixth or seventh century, and has had an eventful, though little known history. At an early period it be-

longed to Canterbury Cathedral. It is supposed to have been for some time in Spain, and was brought to Sweden from Italy. Various other highly interesting books were kindly shown us by the accomplished gentleman who acts as librarian to the king, whose agreeable and very instructive society we had repeated opportunities of enjoying.

We also went to the *Riddarhus*, or House of Assembly of Nobles, of which Baron R. had been a member for upwards of forty years, and was now president. On its walls are the shields of about 3000 nobles, and it has been the scene of many important discussions and events. The whole number of the Swedish nobility is nearly 14,000, as the descendants and collateral branches, as in other Continental States, are reckoned noble, so that there is in this rank about $\frac{1}{220}$ of the population; but many of them are poor, and many take no part in public affairs. The heads of families alone, amounting to about 2500, were entitled to sit as members of the diet, a privilege of which one-third did not avail themselves. The legislature consisted besides of houses of clergy, peasants, and burghers. These, however, have now been to a certain extent amalgamated, very much, I believe, through the energy, eloquence,

and statesmanship of Baron R. Both branches of the parliament are now elective, though the rank of the peerage is still hereditary; the people select a certain number of representatives in each district, who again nominate their deputy, who must have a certain property qualification; and the Swedes are so honest, and so jealous of the purity of election, that if any one should offer a bribe, or even canvass for votes, he would be rejected. The political constitution is, therefore, very liberal, the king having little power, except in connection with the army and navy; and the system has not yet had a sufficiently long trial to show how it will work. The people, both here and in Norway, seem as orderly as they are free. The press is also free; and it is understood that some of the reforming politicians would like to accomplish a union with Denmark, to form a strong Scandinavian kingdom; a consummation which may be desirable, but for which matters are not yet ripe, as certain jealousies exist, particularly on the part of the Norwegians, who allege that King Carl XV. does not stay in their country so long as was stipulated in their treaty of union with Sweden.

Near the Riddarhus is the Riddarholms Kyrkan, in which there is much that is inter-

esting; and there are various other churches, none of which are remarkable for architecture. The *Museum*, however, situated over against the city Royal Palace, is a handsome building, and has a very good and varied collection in several departments. The picture gallery is extensive, and contains specimens of the works of Swedish artists, as well as many by the early masters; but, as a whole, it is greatly inferior to the treasures in the Louvre, at Dresden, at Munich, and Vienna, in Italy, and at Madrid, where there is probably the finest collection of paintings in the world, particularly of the Spanish school; and where there is also an excellent historical *armoury*. *That* at Stockholm, though not large, is good. The ancient trappings of horses, and the coronation robes of a long line of Sovereigns, are likewise well worthy of inspection; but by far the most important department is that containing the northern antiquities, which here, as at Christiania and Copenhagen, is very complete.

A pleasant excursion may be made by steamer to *Drottningholm*, an island in the Mälar lake, on which stands a splendid palace, built by the widow of Charles X., after designs by Tessin, richly furnished, and now inhabited by the Queen Dowager, who, when we visited it, left her private

rooms, that we might see it all. It has fine suites of apartments, and numerous pictures, as well as a magnificent park, with large old timber. Altogether it is a noble residence well befitting royalty, as indeed all the palaces near Stockholm are—all, at least, have beautiful sites. One of these is situated on the shores of the fiord that leads to the Baltic, and may be reached after a lovely sail of fully an hour. When we went there, in one of the active little steamers, it was full. Just before it started, the king, plainly dressed in dark-grey tweed, with a felt jerry hat, and a cigar in his mouth, stepped on board, accompanied with three gentlemen. No notice was taken of him, except that a few people raised their hats respectfully as he passed. The seats being all occupied, he and his friends quietly sat down on the gunwale, and he soon began to chat and laugh with an American lady and her daughters, who were seated opposite to him; pointing out the places as we passed along. He seemed much amused, as they obviously were ignorant to whom they were speaking. After landing, one of the gentlemen who accompanied him fell back, and appeared to inform them, when his Majesty again joined them, and took them away to the palace. We walked about his garden and grounds for a

little; then a message was sent to inquire if we might see the house, to which we received for reply that the king was at dinner, but would soon be done, and that we would be admitted—(he dines early and simply, and eats very fast)—so in a short time we were conducted through the principal apartments, and saw many interesting objects. In one saloon called the tankard room, there were about eighty or ninety different tankards, some of which were old and historical vessels. The ancient custom in Scandinavia was to have a series of pegs within these jugs, when metallic, at equal distances from top to bottom, so that the guests knew how much they drank, and the host expected "every man to do his duty." This is probably the origin of the expression, to "bring one down a peg."

We spent another most agreeable day in the same direction at Sickla, one of the estates of the Baron R., a great part of which he farms himself, apparently to advantage. His cultivated land seemed excellent, and his offices well arranged, particularly his cow-house, in which he had a great number of large fine animals, which are fed highly, and chiefly on cut grass and grain, etc. The walks and drives through the woods are beautifully shaded, and the mansion-house is on a beautiful

site; on one side is the garden, and on the other a lovely sheet of water or small fiord, which was as still as a sea of glass, while its banks were clothed with forest. After *dejeuner*, we had a long ride through the woods to the shore of the Baltic. On our return to an early dinner, we were joined by a member of the legislature and his daughter, the English clergyman from Stockholm, and an excellent, earnest-minded Lutheran clergyman, Mr. R., who officiates in one of its principal churches, and was, till lately, at the head of the Board of Missions. All of them conversed fluently in English. As soon as dinner was over, we embarked in small boats on the fiord, for a row, and as Miss B. sweetly sang in the quiet of a charming evening, and was responded to by some unknown musician on the shore, it was so soothing and delightful that one could not help feeling how much more rational this was than late dinners and even moderate drinking, which alone is now tolerated in good society at home. And we got back in good time to Stockholm, after a really pleasant and instructive day, as we received much information from the intelligent and agreeable people whom we were privileged to meet.

It may be here mentioned that there are some

peculiarities about the mode of Swedish repasts different from British customs. When you go in from the drawing-room to dejeuner or dinner every one stands for a few minutes silently behind his chair, asking a blessing for himself; next, it is not unusual to take a sardine or some other little morsel with your fork and eat it, and then sit down at table. The viands are invariably handed round, by the servants,—the gentlemen having generally begun with half a glass of *aqua vit*, a kind of weak spirit, as a whetter to the appetite. Different kinds of wine are served, especially at dinner, after the several dishes, usually of a light description, the stronger sorts being given in liqueur glasses at the end, after perhaps ale or porter. The company frequently pledge each other by touching glasses. After the dessert, all rise together, and retire in couples, as they entered, to the drawing-room, when each guest goes up to the lady of the house, shakes hands, and says "*tak för mad*" (thanks for meat). The repast is not long, and never, therefore, palls, or is heavy, while a mixture of simplicity, ease, elegance, politeness, and kindness, with a total absence of pretension, affectation, or formality, make all agreeable. You never feel it to be a great ceremonious display, which in Britain every-

body dislikes and condemns, although many practise what they disapprove of, perhaps at other peoples' expense, and which is sometimes made not only a pass to society but a step to promotion, and an advertisement for business, instead of genuine hospitaility to friends. After returning to the drawing-room in Sweden, taking a cup of coffee, and perhaps listening to a little music, in summer you sally forth to the open air for a walk, a ride, a row, or a sail. These evening drives, occasionally through the Djur Gärden, with its splendid old oaks and lovely views, were very rational enjoyment. Once, after seeing a fine view from an eminence on the south side of the city, several of us drove out to the country to visit a large proprietor, who farmed a portion of his own lands. On our arrival, we were conducted through his pleasure grounds to an elegant summer house, where we received wine, cake, and fruit. Next we went to examine his agricultural operations, which were so extensive that he cropped about 400 acres imperial. His cow-house was quite a treat to see. It was square, lighted with windows, and ventilated all round, like Baron R.'s, which must be of great consequence to the cattle, of which there were 100 head here These were ranged in double rows, with their heads to each

other, and admirable arrangements existed for their food and drink. There was a fine broad pathway between these double rows, on each side of which, when required, there flowed pure water, and the whole looked sweet and clean. An ingenious plan had also been adopted for keeping the milk good. A house had been partly excavated in the ground, and the portion above the level of the soil was thickly covered with turf, so that it appeared a mound. This maintained almost a uniform temperature summer and winter, while there was enough of ventilation secured, so that nothing was lost in the dairy, the produce of which was sent daily to Stockholm, and was found profitable, as it yielded, I believe, about £15 of our money per cow per annum; but the expense of feeding was great, which proportionally diminished the actual gain. After this survey, and an agreeable talk at tea, we returned to the city greatly interested and pleased. These various minute details are given because human life is made up of countless little things, and small occurrences and ordinary customs in the daily routine of the world, actually afford a far better idea of the real character of a people than great and stirring events, or studied scenes in which they mingle; and the ways of this nation always

appeared natural and unostentatious, but ever marked by intelligent and cultivated or native good taste, and there was never anything offensive, coarse, or vulgar, which are the too frequent results of suddenly acquired wealth by uneducated and vain persons, who think of their possessions more than of their duties, of their rights rather than responsibilities to God and man.

UPSALA.

A long and delightful day was spent at *Upsala*, which was for centuries the capital of Sweden, and contains upwards of 7000 inhabitants. It is situated near the edge of a very extensive and rich plain, and is a place of great interest. We left early in the morning, accompanied by three of our Swedish friends, by steamer, on the most beautiful Mälar lake, which equals, if it does not surpass, its rival lakes in Europe, Lake Como and Loch Lomond, which, being so different from each other, can scarcely be compared together. After a voyage of about six hours, dining on board *a la carte*, we reached this ancient and famous city, after having proceeded along a great part of this inland sea, which is seventy-five English miles long, while the Wenern is upwards of ninety, and the Wettern eighty-six. On our way we passed

Sigtuna, the *tuna* or town of Sigge, the original name of Odin, who founded this, the most ancient city in Sweden, after invading the country with his Sviar or Swedes, probably shortly before the inroads of the Saxons into England. Here he established Pagan worship, which, after his death, was offered for centuries to himself in all the north of Europe, and he seems to have been both priest and king. It is now a village of a few hundred inhabitants, and has some portions of an old church still existing, Christianity having supplanted heathenism sometime after its introduction in the ninth century by St. Ansgar. Thereafter is seen, finely situated, Skóklöster, the large old residence of the Brahe family, the most ancient and illustrious in the land, of which the famous astronomer, Tycho Brahe, was a member. In this house are valuable and interesting collections of armour, etc., and an extensive library.

On reaching the quay at *Upsala*, we were met by Mr. U., who was studying law at this celebrated university, with the view of a judgeship, to which office men are appointed, after undergoing satisfactory examinations, on the completion of their course of studies, without passing through the intermediate stage of pleading for years at the

bar. He had kindly made arrangements for our seeing the lions of the place. We first went to the library of the university, to which the librarian had politely sent a *sub* to show us the curiosities. It contains upwards of 130,000 printed books, and 7000 manuscripts; many of which were originally at Stockholm, and presented to this seat of learning by Gustavus II. Among the latter is the *Codex Argenteus*, "being a copy of the four Gospels, as translated into the Moeso-Gothic language, by Bishop Ulfilas, at the latter end of the fourth century. It is written in letters of silver (whence its name) on vellum, of a pale purple colour; the characters are nearly identical with the Runic. Both the beginning and the end of the MS. are wanting. It is interesting and highly valuable, as the oldest monument of the Teutonic language, which was first written by Bishop Ulfilas, who thus fixed the standard of the Gothic tongue." There is here also the first book printed in Sweden—an old Icelandic Edda; a Bible, with autograph annotations by Luther and Melancthon; a lithographed copy of the Sinaitic Codex, and a curious book with the Lord's Prayer in about 180 different languages. We visited one of the class-rooms of this ancient and celebrated University, in which there are

about fifty professors and tutors, and 1400 students, who wear an academic cap. It is more ancient and more famous than that at *Lund*, having been founded in 1477, whereas the latter dates from 1479. At one or other of these, every person who enters the legal, medical, or clerical professions, must graduate, as there is no other, although it is now proposed to have one at Stockholm. The students at Upsala are divided, as at Glasgow University, into different *nations*, determined by their native district, and we saw the club-rooms of one of these, a commodious suite of apartments, suited for reading, business, and enjoyment.

Having taken a hurried look at the extensive prospect from the platform at the governor's house, we went to the botanical gardens, which are not so fine as might have been expected in the native city of Linnæus, whose house is still shown, as well as his tomb, and those of other celebrated persons, in the cathedral. This is a large, well-proportioned brick building, which was begun in the thirteenth century, and is still in a good state of preservation, and contains in the sacristy some curious old robes, and church plate. This is the see of an archbishop, who is primate of Sweden.

We next proceeded to *Old Upsala*, which is three English miles to the north. This, the second place for antiquity in Sweden, was founded by, and formed the capital of the kingdom of, Freyer, grandson and heir of Odin, where he built a costly temple for pagan worship, in which, or in the sacred grove around it, human victims were sacrificed. There are three large mounds here, probably partly natural and partly artificial, in one of which is said to sleep the ashes of Odin, in another those of his son Thor, and in the third those of his wife or daughter Freya (from whose names seem to be derived the designations of three of our week days, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday), regarding whom many legends exist in the district, and the terrible Odin is often spoken of as the evil spirit. A Christian church now occupies the site of the ancient temple, whose tower is said to be a portion of it, and the oldest building in Scandinavia. In this now small village there is a fruit garden, within whose bowers all visitors are expected to take a draught of mead—the beverage of these anciently worshipped warriors—out of a large old silver-mounted horn; and it is alleged, that if drained with proper previous observances, and we presume in sufficient quantity, it will impart the wisdom

of Odin. Being brewed from hops and honey, we found it bitterly-sweet, and rather heavy, and though we endeavoured manfully to do our duty, whether it was that we did not attend rightly to the prescribed ceremonies, or took too little of it, the only effect it had was to make us rather sleepy and stupid. At the railway station at Upsala, to which we returned, we met with good Mrs. B. and some of her pleasant family, with whom we travelled along the north side of lake Mälar for Stockholm, where we found our venerable friend awaiting us at the station, and were conveyed to our hotel before midnight, our brains filled with many thoughts of the past, present, and future.

We spent one Sunday at Stockholm. Our ladies went to the English chapel; the Rev. Mr. R. called for us, i.e., Dr. W. and me, and took us to his church in the morning—a large place of worship, capable of containing 2000 people, in which four clergymen officiate. It was quite filled with a highly respectable and devout congregation, who entered heartily into the preliminary services, with the use of a book, in which there was a good deal of singing; but there was not standing at praise, nor kneeling at prayers. Indeed, we know of no Protestant church on the

Continent of Europe where these practices are observed, nor anywhere else, save in England, and, we believe, in America, which shows that they are matters of indifference. Mr. R. preached an earnest sermon to an attentive audience; and the holy communion was subsequently dispensed by him and an assistant—the latter wearing rather a gaudy robe—to a considerable number of people, who knelt, as in Norway, round the altar rails. On the dismissal of the congregation, we went to the chief clergyman's house, which was close to the church, and like an English parsonage, as well as to Mr. R.'s residence. There was a small burying-ground round the place of worship, which was well kept; and we visited on another occasion one in the neighbourhood of the city, a quiet lovely spot, shaded with trees, and suitable for the last earthly resting place of the people of God, whose surviving relatives had affectionately decked their chambers of sweet repose with flowers. It was to see the couch, where rested the ashes of a dear one, the style of whose monument was simply and beautifully striking. It was a tall head stone, on which was inscribed her name, her husband's, and the date of her *birth* and *death*—instead of the *words*—the former having a star, and the latter a cross, with the day

and year respectively after them. We also saw another memorial, not more suitable, but perhaps more impressive. It had been erected in honour of an honest and uncompromising patriot, who had laboured for the good of his country, and consisted of a high unhewn slab of granite, at the head of his grave, with nothing but his surname on it; an emblem of his strong, enduring soul, and of his lasting fame, which needed no panegyric. And I could not help thinking of the simple slab of slate, in the peaceful cemetery at Grassmere, inscribed with "William Wordsworth." How significantly these contrast with the fulsome and false epitaphs with which one is so often disgusted on the tombstones of ignoble or even worthless nobodies—a painful sight, which is seldom if ever seen in Scandinavia, and rarely in other continental countries! It sometimes flows, doubtless, from inconsiderate affection, but oftener from over-weening vanity, and is always unsuitable over the mouldering ashes of frail mortality, where all human pride should be humbled.

On the evening of Sabbath we attended divine service in the English chapel, and enjoyed the ministrations of the worthy clergyman, the Rev. Mr. B., in a beautiful new church. Both he and

the Rev. Mr. R. had shown us no little attention. We were glad to learn that the churches generally in Sweden are remarkably well attended, although too much immorality prevails; and the opening of the railways for Sunday traffic is producing a great amount of Sabbath desecration throughout the country. On our way home in the evening we went with the Rev. Mr Briscoe into his place of worship—a large, elegant, and commodious structure, with double galleries, capable of containing 2,600 people, all of whom can hear the minister speaking in the pulpit almost in a conversational tone, so perfect are the acoustics. Mr. B. may be regarded as at the head of the revival party in Sweden, and is a most intelligent, agreeable gentleman, earnest-minded, but neither bigoted nor fanatical, and with a full knowledge of the world. He was formerly an officer in the army, but took serious thoughts, gave up his commission, sold, I believe, his property, and entered the service of the Captain of our Salvation. Brave and loyal to his earthly sovereign, he has proved a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and gathered around him many adherents, by no means of the lower or ignorant orders, as an officer, who did not seem to be a follower, told me that to go to hear him was quite "*a la mode.*" His brother has followed his

example, and has left the army for the church. Having met with Mr B. at dinner, I had some interesting conversation with him. He stated that at first there was a little danger of fanaticism, but the effervescence seemed to have gone off. I ventured to suggest the propriety of not separating from the parent church, a sentiment in which he appeared thoroughly to concur, and assured me that, if possible, they were anxious to remain in connection with it; and it is understood the king countenances and supports him, from a desire to promote freedom of thought and worship. This *revival* party seem somewhat to resemble the Methodists originally in their relation to the Established Church of England, and includes excellent and devoted men, anxious to do all the good they can. There is a difference of opinion in regard to the way in which this is to be done; but it is to be hoped that they will work harmoniously together, as there is room and need for all. *There*, as in our own country, from a diversity of natural disposition probably, or in the education and circumstances of their respective adherents, the Dissenters, if we may so term them, are the sails, and the National Establishment adherents the ballast, of the vessel of the Church, which requires both elements to make a good

voyage. May God prosper it with a favourable breeze! Religion in Sweden, as in Norway, is mingled up with education, as an essential and important part of it, the people not yet having been incited to attempt the impracticable task of separating Christianity from *instruction*, which would render it no longer *education*. We say *impracticable task*, inasmuch as religion is mixed up with all history and literature, with geography; we might also say with art and science in some measure—certainly with language itself; and even the meaning of simple words is inexplicable without reference to it; so that its exclusion from teaching is absolutely impossible, and those who propose it know neither what they say nor whereof they affirm. But *religion* and *Christianity* are identical, and nothing else deserves the name. In Sweden, as in its sister domain, all receive, at least, the elements of both secular and sacred instruction; and doubtless it is this, in addition to their natural qualities, which makes the people so industrious, orderly, and intelligent, although, we believe, superstition still lingers in some small districts where the peasantry are frightened for the shade of Odin.

Though we daily saw people with whom it was as pleasant as profitable to associate, on the day

before we left the city we met a large party at our hospitable host's, and among them his distinguished son and lady, who had just come from Copenhagen. He had fought in the Danish army in the late conflict; is a marshal of Sweden, and not unlikely soon to be minister at war; but, like all men of true mark, is destitute of pretension. He was loud in the praises of the Princess of Wales—who is enthroned in so many hearts—and of her dear children. In order to see a particular phase of society at Stockholm, in the evening a considerable number of the party went to Hasselbacken, where we had tea under an arbour, near magnificent old oaks, while the best military band in the country "discoursed to us sweet music," and we were charmed with the splendid view from the top of the house. Thereafter, by boat and on foot, we reached the Rydberg Hotel, where there were many kind and cordial adieus. Yet, as we started from it next morning before six A.M., there is the worthy Baron and his family to see us off, having even sent a grandson away previously to wait at the railway station, lest we should be before him. *There* we took leave, with feelings of deep gratitude, and affectionate esteem of this most amiable and excellent family circle, whom we can never cease to remember with agreeable

emotions, and whose kindness and hospitality, so characteristic of their nation, would have been overwhelming, had it not been so natural, so genuine, so considerate, and so delicate. May they be all ever blessed!

STOCKHOLM TO MALMÖ.

After leaving Stockholm, for sometime the country is very similar to what it was in our approach to it from the north, and seems occasionally to manifest traces of having once occupied a lower level. This was made clear on cutting the canal from Södertelji on the Mälar lake to the Baltic, where an ancient habitation was discovered sixty feet below the surface, indicating, indeed, successive upheavings and subsidence. Sir C. Lyle says regarding this that "the superincumbent matter was composed of a marine formation. The stratification of the mass over the house was very decided, but, for the most part, of that wavy and irregular kind which would result from a meeting of currents. It appears that this building must have been submerged beneath the waters of the Baltic to the depth of eighty-four feet, and before it was raised again to its present position, it had become covered with strata more than sixty feet thick."

Indeed, it has been ascertained that in the north of Sweden, in the Gulf of Bothnia, the land is gradually being elevated at the rate of four and a-half feet in a century, which gradually decreases to one foot at Stockholm, and is reduced to Zero at the southern end of the kingdom, if not actually subsiding. It seems probable that this action extends across the north sea to the east coast of Scotland, where, as at St. Andrews, there is some reason to suppose there is a slow subsidence; while there is distinct evidence in the west and middle of the country that there has been a gradual upheaving, or more properly successive elevations and depressions.

Sweden is upon the whole a level country, especially in the south, although from its great length—930 English miles, while Norway is upwards of 1,100—it is very varied. Its Alpine portion is in the north, in connection with the Norwegian chain; the highest mountain in the former is under 6,400 feet, and of the latter nearly 2,000 feet more. Along the railway to Malmö, after some distance has been travelled, the land becomes more fertile, is in many places well cultivated, and produces excellent crops, while towns occasionally appear beautifully situated, and many sheets of water—among others, Lake Wetter, near

Jonkoping, the end of which the line passes at this pretty town. Though there be nothing particularly striking on the route, all is pleasing, and the arrangements of the railway are admirable. The carriages are clean and comfortable, while the charges are moderate; the driving is perfect, keeping time to a minute; and at every station the guard or some other official tells the passengers in every compartment how long they will stop; in each carriage a notice is affixed informing them where refreshments are provided, and the time allowed to take them; and the refreshment rooms are comfortable and amply supplied with good provisions. There is a large table in the middle of the saloon covered with cooked provisions of all sorts, with plates, spoons, knives and forks, etc., while around the side walls there are a great number of small tables. Every one goes to the centre table, takes what he pleases, and withdraws with it to a small side table. At one end of the *sal* there is a person at a table ready to give you wine or beer, of the former of which there are tiny bottles; no spirits are allowed; and in a corner there is a table with coffee, tea, milk, and cake for those who wish them. There is a moderate fixed charge for dejuener or dinner. In regard to the extras, you pay for what you

take, and, in some cases, when you give your money at the counter, a pass-ticket is given you to present when going out, and everywhere there is civility and attention; nowhere a greedy looking for a *tip* by the officials, as is seen elsewhere. Your luggage is taken care of, for which you receive a ticket, and so are without anxiety. And after travelling by railway in almost all the countries of Western Europe, we are reluctantly forced to come to the conclusion that, upon the whole, those in Great Britain are the worst managed in the world, and they are the most expensive. The carriages are least comfortable, and often very dirty. The driving is sometimes very bad, and you may be upwards of an hour behind time, causing constant collisions. The servants are sometimes not civil and obliging; and you don't know whether you will ever see your baggage again or not, while you have to be constantly on the alert about it, lest some person by intention or mistake carry it away. To this it will be replied, that we travel much quicker, and have more traffic. But this is no sufficient answer. If you can't go safely go slower. If traffic be greater, so are receipts, and provide for it. Nor will this account for dirty and miserable carriages, and lost luggage. Railway arrangements in this

country ought, must, and doubtless, under the pressure of public opinion, shall be improved. It is a great mistake that they are not more under Government control. In some realms there may be too much of this: in ours there is too little.

We reached Malmö at one P.M. on Friday, the 5th August, having left Stockholm on the previous morning at half-past six A.M., and, ready for rest, went forthwith to the hotel, and to bed, as we had to proceed early next day to Copenhagen. This prevented us from seeing this last of the Swedish cities at which we touched, which is the chief town of the province, surrounded by a very fertile district, and contains 12,000 inhabitants. It has also several interesting associations connected with it, as Bothwell, third husband of Mary Queen of Scotland, was long imprisoned here, and the castle still remains, and is occupied as barracks and a prison. It is also within one and a-half Swedish miles of Lund, with its ancient and celebrated university, to which there is a railway.

There sat near us at the breakfast table next morning two young men who seemed to be scarcely roving Scandinavians, and who turned out to be wandering Scots—that restless race of vagrants;—one of them had been here for some-

time, and was warm in his praises of Swedish hospitality, of which we had heard and experienced so much, alleging that if it was declined they felt hurt, if not insulted. Our young friends, after the long journey of the previous day, were obviously very tired, but as "time and tide wait for no man," not even for ladies, we were reluctantly obliged to have them called at rather an early hour, as one of our party, who was "painfully punctual," grew rather *fidgety*. As usual, they obeyed the summons, and, though they would have greatly preferred the embraces of Morpheus, appeared amiable as wont, and after a hurried repast, hied off to the steamer, which was reached before it started. We found it clean and comfortable, with an awning, according to custom, and it had a peculiar arrangement below. It was divided into a series of small cabins, on each side of a middle passage, and these were fitted up with sofas, so that during the night those on board could lie down and sleep. Nothing was talked of but the Franco-German war, the general feeling being in favour of France, as the Swedes and Danes are afraid of Prussia; and the captain remarked that "Bismarck and Napoleon should be hanged on the same tree, and buried in the same grave, that the people might have peace."

COPENHAGEN.

In less than two hours we had crossed the Sound and reached *Copenhagen*, the "Merchants' Harbour," and capital of Denmark, situated on Zealand, and the small adjacent isle of Amak, and containing 155,000 inhabitants. Though founded as a fishing village by Bishop Axel in 1168, it only became the seat of the Court, under Christopher III., in the fourteenth century. On our arrival, anxious to be home, and unable to get by Hamburgh and London on account of hostilities, we learned that a steamer was about to start for Leith; but, being assured by M. Hansen, shipping agent, that there would soon be others, though sailings were irregular from the derangement of public affairs, and that he would let us know when one came in, we took up our quarters at the comfortable hotel D'Angleterre, where there were great complaints of the want of travellers. We sallied forth and took a look at this fine, clean, cheerful city, and visited the Frue Kirke, which contains Thorwaldsen's wonderful statues of the apostles, and of our Divine Redeemer, the kneeling angel who holds the font, and other productions of this great master. Thereafter we went to the museum of his works,

and were not less struck by their excellence than by the reflexion of his unwearied industry, as well as unrivalled genius, and marvelled how one man, within a short life, could achieve so much. Of this great sculptor, the good Danes are justly proud. We had many plans for the following days, and felt desirous to examine the various collections, and especially of northern antiquities, made here, so far as time would admit, and to see the suburbs. We were informed, however, next morning that a steamer had come in from St. Petersburgh on the way to Hull. We learned from the captain that it was more than full, but on expressing our anxious wish to proceed, and assuring him we would not be particular about our accommodation, he agreed to take us.

We got on board without any unnecessary delay, and left this interesting place at one P.M. on 6th August, and found two Englishmen there whom we recognised as having travelled in the same train from Stockholm to Malmö, one of them a Fellow, Tutor, and Lecturer of Oriel College, Oxford, a gentleman of great learning and extraordinary memory—an Oxonian, yet not a tory; an Episcopalian, but an admirer of Presbyterianism; a thorough southron (who abjured the Pope, and had not been caught by his secret police, the Jesuits),

and yet declared that no country in the world, for its population, had produced so many great men as Scotland; and he was right;—a gentleman whose heart was as good as his head, and who was as agreeable and amusing as he was accomplished. His friend was an excellent specimen of a good John Bull; polite, manly, well-informed, upright, honourable, and considerate. The rest of our fellow-passengers were somewhat of a motley sort. There was one Englishman, who, as a Hibernian would say, was obviously a Scotchman; a number of Americans, one of whom gave us an amusing account of the Russians' forenoon visits to their friends, and friends' sideboards—which are morning, noon, and night—and sang Yankee songs; a host of merry children, whose owners it was difficult to determine; a French hat manufacturer, who considered "discretion the better part of valour;" a few Russians, or half-breds; a Jew, who was on his way from St Petersburgh, to visit his son in England, and who considering that his roubles would not be safe in his absence, carried them in his capacious boots; and twenty-seven of the Bovine race, who, being well fed and watered, made good voyagers; as the rats and cock-roaches remained down stairs, no account can be given of them. Perhaps, how-

ever, the most interesting of all was a Dano-English young lady, the pleasing daughter of a highly respectable man, who spent a whole day without food, drink, or talk, rolled up like a terrier on a coil of ropes, and who trusted so much in Providence, that she considered it unnecessary to carry any money.

Amid the varied conversation which took place on board, we were amused with the account, by one of our English friends, of an illustration of that much-praised institution, trial by jury, which he had witnessed. A man had been charged with stealing a game-cock from a public-house where he had been drinking. Mine host, when it was missed, suspected him, and sent a policeman to his house, who found it plucked, and in the pot on the fire. When brought before the Judge, he pleaded "Not Guilty,"—stating that his wife was delicate, and he took the bird to make soup for her. The gentlemen of the jury pronounced him innocent, and he was acquitted; whereupon the accused rose up, pulled his forelock, thanked the bench, and declared that it was the first cock he had stolen, and promised, as an honest man, that he would never steal another.

The table in the saloon being full, the captain ordered the carpenter to make an extempore one,

that we, *i.e.*, the Oxonian and his friend, the fair semi-Scandinavian, and our four noble selves, might take our meals on deck; and, as the weather was beautiful, it was very delightful. By the kindness of some of the passengers and the captain, who gave up his own berth, our ladies were provided for at night. Our two gentlemen messmates, and we too inferior creatures, were sent to sleep in the saloon—we on the sofas, and they, one floor up, among the baggage. We had a fine course through the Sound, past Elsinore, and were fairly into the Cathgat, when we went to sleep, or tried to do it. In a moment the steamer stopt, which caused a little hubbub. Dr. W. rushed up stairs to see what was the matter. I lay still, considering that one might be drowned as comfortably below as on deck. He returned, but could give no explanation. The engines again began to work. In a short time there was another stoppage. I then went up, and was informed that a French turret war ship, which I saw at a small distance, had twice attempted to cross our bows, taking us for a German vessel, and had come so near that she was hailed by our master, when she sheered off, and the brave "Panther" proceeded on her way.

Next morning several of the passengers felt

nausea, although there was little wind and no sea, which we were told was not unusual, and was caused by coming into the strong air of the German Ocean. Miss —— thought it proper to appear interesting, being a bad sailor, and lay down on the deck, where she was covered, not with leaves, like the babes of the wood, but with good rugs. She became greatly revived, however, by a judicious prescription of beef-steaks and brandy and water. Her uncle looked as if he almost considered it his duty, out of affectionate sympathy, to follow her example. As for her cousin, nothing ever distressed her, except that she could not scale the craggy steeps of the Norwegian rocks, or be tossed in a storm on wild white-crested mountain billows, or be folded in the warm embraces of a brown bear. Our good little Anglo-Dane, as already stated, was rolled up on a coil of ropes beside the tiller.

It is sometimes amusing on ship-board to speculate about your neighbours—who and what they are. So we set down in our own minds, with considerable difficulty, the relationships of our fellow-passengers, flattering ourselves that we were dividing the children in a proper manner among a certain given proportion of papas and mamas. It is more than probable that they were

doing the same regarding us; and we were a good deal diverted to find an official mistake both at the beginning and end of our voyage. The tickets given at Copenhagen for the young ladies were inscribed "Mrs," and the steward's bill, handed to us near the mouth of the Humber, was to Mr. K. and daughters, and Dr. W.—said Mr. K. being in the enjoyment of single blessedness, and "free from fetters." After a pleasant and prosperous voyage, during which we had splendid sunsets, and which was continually enlivened by passing vessels—there being at one time as many as forty sail in sight—and our steamer being repeatedly obliged to steer out of her course, to avoid a collision, we reached Hull on Tuesday, 9th August, at half-past nine P.M., and went to the excellent Railway Hotel, greatly pleased with all that we had seen, grateful to our Heavenly Father for his care over us through all our journeyings, glad that we were again in good old England, and feeling that there was "no place like home." Next morning we started by different divisions of the same train—after an agreeable breakfast together, and cordial adieus —to our several destinations, hoping to meet again.

Before concluding, I cannot forbear to recommend this route to others, only it might be better to take it in the reverse way, and proceed from tamer to wilder and grander scenery. To those who dislike being long at sea, it is easy to go from London to Hamburg by railway, from which a run should be taken for a day to the ancient and quaint city of Lubeck. From Hamburg the distance to Copenhagen is not great. From the latter city the Sound could be crossed to Malmö, or a steamer could be taken to Gothenburg; and thence by another by Trollhätten Falls, and the Mälar Lake to Stockholm, from which the railway will soon be open by Carlstad to Christiania.

In some respects, indeed, Scandinavia can scarcely compete with other lands. Its people have not the dignified and formal, yet warm-hearted courtesy of the Spaniard, the quick and lively genius of the Italian, the vivacity of the French, or the solid and stolid determination of the German—(and every nation has some distinguishing excellencies which others may imitate, and evils which they should avoid)—but they are an honest, truthful, intelligent, obliging, persevering, and quietly self-respecting and self-relying race; and open, courteous, frank, and kind. The

vast rich plains of the Spanish peninsula, its ancient cities and noble cathedrals, its alcazar at Seville, and alhambra at Granada; and even its Sièrras, may have no representative in the North. Italy, and especially Rome, has no rival in its historical associations, its treasures of art and varied wonders. Germany, France, and the Netherlands, lay in their just claim for great consideration in these and other respects. The Pyrenean chain with its grand valleys, and the lofty Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, with their fine lakes, have surpassing charms. But to those whose heads are weary with work and worry, and whose hearts are sad with sorrow, and who wish to get away not only from the scenes of toil and grief, but also from the bustle, noise, and vulgarity of crowds of snobbish tourists, to seek rest amid the peaceful and ever pleasing domains of nature, there is no place like the climes of the Norsemen. And when you wander through their vast, dark, primeval forests, or are soothed with the sweet music of their rushing rivers and gushing fosses, or gaze on their lovely fiords, reposing under a bright sun and blue sky, in the bosom of the everlasting hills which raise their heads to heaven, a sacred calm steals over your spirit, you are lulled into a sleepy

dream of pleasure, you feel the presence of Divinity around you; and, with a lowly, loving heart, you hold communion with the great architect of nature—your Maker, Preserver, and Redeemer—and your soul is satisfied.



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